

2,000 RAILWAY INSURANCE. £100 INSURANCE
FOR CYCLISTS AND FOOTBALL PLAYERS.

P.W. PEARSON'S £100 COUPON.
No. 43. Oct. 4, 1896.
P.W. P.W.

Longest & Best."
—Health.
FRY'S
Pure
Concentrated
COCOA

Over 50 Gold Medals
and Diplomas.

PEARSON'S

TO INTEREST,
TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

WEEKLY

AWARDED
GOLD MEDAL
INDIAN
EXHIBITION
1895.
**PULCEMON
TEA**
At
1-6 to 3-
per lb.
Of
First-Class
Grocers
Everywhere

No. 327.] TRANSMISSION AT BOOK RATES. WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 24, 1896. ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

Crosse & Blackwell's FRESH FRUIT JAMS AND JELLIES

IN WHITE POTS AND GLASS JARS.

Are made from Selected Fresh Fruits and Refined Sugar.

SOLD BY GROCERS AND STORES THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.



LADIES Are specially requested
when purchasing

MOORE'S
PATENT

"ITA" HAIR FASTENER

to ask for and see it at they get Circular containing full instructions
for use, as by this means only will the purchaser thoroughly under-
stand the working of the most ingenious little article ever invented
for the Hair.

IMPORTANT. DO NOT DESTROY your
worn-out Fasteners, as they may be of considerable value. For
further particulars watch advertisement.

SOLE MAKERS OF For Young Ladies and Children.

MOORE'S HAIR BOW

A quality, 1 - each: B. 6d. Post Free 2d. extra.
OF ALL HAIRDRESSERS AND DRAPERS.

AIROTTES for evening wear, a speciality, from 2s. to
10s. made to order. Apply direct for further
particulars.

PRICE 6d. each; Post Free, 7d. PATENT HAIR FASTENER CO., BIRMINGHAM.

Ah! Ah! The Mildness of the Season has done this.

100,000 LADIES' LUXURIOUSLY HANDSOME, RICH DARK BROWN

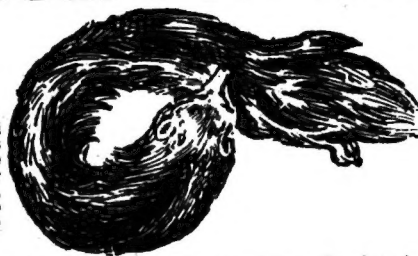
OPOSSUM FUR NECKLETS

SALE PRICE

4/6 EACH.

WORTH TREBLE.

Life Imitation Natural
combined: a most
soft fur, quite
in style anything
at 1s. 6d. each,
durability not to
be compared. Similar
to illustration.



"PEARSON'S WEEKLY"
NECKLET COUPON.

24-10-96.

On receipt of this Coupon
and P.O.O. or stamps for
amount, we guarantee to
send goods as above
(carriage free this week
only) to your address in
any part of the United
Kingdom.

Cash returned in full if
not satisfied. (Signed)
F. HODGSON & SON.

All Orders dispatched same day in rotation as they arrive by post.

F. HODGSON & SON, Manufacturers, Importers, Woodsley Rd., LEEDS.

Telegraphic Address: "ECLIPSE, LEEDS."

Telephone No. 948.

Cadbury's

COCOA

ABSOLUTELY PURE, THEREFORE BEST.

"Light, refreshing, and invigorating to the jaded mind and body;
delectable to the palate; absolutely pure, and free from alkalies."

FAMILY DOCTOR.

YOU CANNOT BE SURE THAT IT IS GALLAHER'S "TWO FLAKES" TOBACCO.

YOU ARE BUYING UNLESS YOU INSIST ON GETTING IT
IN THEIR 1, 2, or 4 oz. DECORATED TINS,
SECURED BY PATENT BAND.

BEETHAM'S
Glycerine
& Cucumber

HAS NO EQUAL.
**FOR KEEPING THE SKIN SOFT,
SMOOTH, AND WHITE**
during the COLDEST Weather. Preserves the
Skin from the effects of FROST, COLD WINDS,
HARD WATER, and INFERIOR SOAPS,
Blemishes and Prevents all REDNESS, ROUGH-
NESS, CHAPS, IRRITATION, &c., ensuring
A CLEAR & HEALTHY COMPLEXION.
Beware of Injurious Imitations. Be sure to ask for
"BEETHAM'S," the ONLY GENUINE. Bottles, 1s. and 2s. 6d., of
all Chemists and Perfumers. Each tin contains post free 10 extra
direct by the Makers, M. BEETHAM & SON, Chemists, Cheltenham.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, Belfast.

(By Special Appointments to the Queen and Empress Frederick of Germany.)

CAMBRIC POCKET LINEN COLLARS, CUFFS,

HANDKERCHIEFS, AND SHIRTS.

Direct from the Manufacturers. "The Irish Cambrics of
Messrs ROBINSON & CLEAVER have a world-wide fame."
The Queen.
Samples and Price Lists Post Free.

HAVE YOU A POST-CARD?

If not, please obtain one, and send it to the

PEARSON POTTERY COMPANY, HANLEY,

with your name and address on the back, and you will receive by next post full particulars of the most wonderful
package of crockery the world has ever seen.

**100 PIECES
FOR £1 1s.**



This is the pattern
of the
DINNER SERVICE.

THOUSANDS
SOLD ALL OVER
THE WORLD.

Post-cards and Letters to be addressed to the
PEARSON POTTERY COMPANY, HANLEY, STAFFS.

YORKSHIRE RELISH

THE
MOST
DELICIOUS

SAUCE IN THE WORLD.

The ONLY CHEAP and GOOD Sauce. Beware of Imitations.

SOLD IN BOTTLES, 6D, 1S., AND 2S. EACH.

Proprietors: **GOODALL, BACKHOUSE & Co., LEEDS.**

All Communications respecting Advertisements should be sent to the Advertisement Department, "PEARSON'S WEEKLY" Offices, HENRIETTA STREET, LONDON, W.C.



Quaker Oats

SOLD ONLY IN 2 LB. PACKAGES.

BORWICK'S *The best time money can buy.*
BAKING POWDER
Five Gold Medals.

All Communications respecting Advertisements should be sent to the Advertisement Department, "PEARSON'S WEEKLY" Offices, HENRIETTA STREET, LONDON.

PEARSON'S

TO INTEREST
TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE. WEEKLY.

No. 327.]

TRANSMISSION AT
BOOK EATES.

WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 24, 1896.

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS' HALL.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

WHEN THE TIDE IS COMING IN.

SOMEHOW, love, our boat sails lighter,
Smoother, faster, on the bay;
Somehow, love, the sun shines brighter,
Softer, warmer, thro' the spray.
Somehow, love, the sky is clearer,
God and man seem nearer kin;
Somehow even you are dearer
When the tide is coming in.
'Tis the spring of life, unending,
At the source of motion, dear!
'Tis the stream of hope, ascending
From the depths of ocean, dear!
'Tis the heart of nature beating
Where the throbs of life begin;
Earth and heaven gladly meeting
When the tide is coming in.
Somehow, love, your eyes are brighter,
Softer, warmer, thro' the spray,
And your laughter ripples lighter
O'er the whitecaps on the bay.
In our path no tinge of sadness,
In our wake no shades of sin,
For our hearts are filled with gladness
When the tide is coming in.

THIS IS SMART.

A CARDIFF reader sends us an illustration of a creature found in the water for domestic consumption which is not unknown in this district. It was taken to the waterworks' office by a man, who entered apologetically, carrying his hat under his arm and an envelope in his hand.

Placing the hat over the inkstand and pulling the callers' chair close up, he tore open the envelope and handed over a darning-needle on which was impaled something.

"Been out trawling?" they asked with amused interest.

"You'd think so, wouldn't you?" said the visitor, and then went on: "That fish was supplied to me by the Corporation. I got it straight from the tap. I don't want to appear selfish, but if the Corporation intends to go in for supplying the citizens with free breakfasts, I wish you to point out to the proper authorities that we are nine in family, and this 'ere fish is only enough for the youngest. That's all, thanks. No; you can keep it!" and, upsetting the ink as he took up his hat, he vanished.

SLAVES IN THE SPIRIT WORLD.

SPIRIT-RAPPING is unknown to the natives of Borneo, but, according to the report of a recent traveller, they are not without methods of communication with departed friends. The customs of "Surmugup," which take the place of table-turning in Borneo, are curious, to say the least of it.



When the friends of a dead chief wish to communicate with him, they subscribe together and purchase a slave. After certain preliminary dancings and howlings, each subscriber drives his spear into the victim, while at the same time he shouts out a message which he wishes to have conveyed by the slave to his friend in the other world. This pleasing practice is capable of the following variation:

A spear of extraordinary length is selected, and grasped simultaneously by all the subscribers. It is then thrust through the body of the slave, into whose unhappy ears are shouted the words which he is expected to repeat when he joins the departed chieftain in the shades. The "Surmugup" is supposed to be equally effective conducted according to either of these methods.

All rights reserved.]

BOYS AS HOUSEMAIDS.

THE solution to the housemaid question is simple, and may be summed up in one word—boys. Let boys take the place of maids and all your troubles will be at an end.

A lady who has had experience of boy housemaids in China and India, has now tried one in England, and finds that her idea succeeds admirably in every way. She recommends everyone to follow her example, and prophesies that then life will run again on its old happy lines.

SHE WASN'T TO BE CAUGHT.

SHE: "You look very disturbed."

HE: "I am. While I was on my way here I lost a valuable ring."

SHE: "Good gracious! How did that happen?"

HE: "I don't know. I put it in my pocket before I came out, and when I got here it was gone."

SHE: "Was it a diamond?"

HE: "Oh, yes—a solitaire, three and a half carats, and a perfect stone in every way."

SHE: "Oh, well, I wouldn't regret it! You may find it, you know. But if you don't there's no use crying over it."

HE: "That's true. But I needed that ring, and I may have a lot of trouble to replace it."

SHE (smiling): "Nonsense. If she is a sensible girl she will tell you she can get on without it."

HE: "Do you really mean that?"

SHE: "Why, of course!"

HE: "Then, darling, will you be mine?" (Suddenly displaying the ring.) "I did not lose it. It was only to test you."

SHE (falling into his arms): "Yes, dear." (Aside.) "As if I didn't know what he kept his left hand in his pocket for!"

BOUGHT MEN TO WEAR CORSETS?

SOCIETY men in London propose to revive the old fashion of wearing corsets. For the first time in years, arbiters of correct dress have come out openly to defend and advise it.

One of our best tailors referred to this subject to a P.W. man: "I cannot believe," he said, "that the people who make such statements know very much about good clothing. The corset craze appears periodically, but it can never become popular on this side of the Atlantic."

"In the first place, clothes may be made to appear as if corsets were also worn, without the use of the real article. A few ordinary dress stays wisely distributed will answer every purpose. Effects can be produced in this way which will deceive the smartest people."

"The most common way to produce the corset-like effect is to simply decrease the size of the waist. Many men are as vain of slender waists as women."

"An ordinary waist can be reduced by three or four inches without much discomfort. You see, it is only necessary to leave off braces and wear a tight belt. An inch or two besides may be gained by wearing very close-fitting underwear and a tight vest. Now, four inches make a great difference. When this reduction of girth has been accomplished it is an easy matter to produce the flaring appearance which some people admire so much."

"My personal experience leads me to believe that there are very few corsets worn by men in London to-day. It is, besides, a matter which very few tailors would care to admit."

"I believe that corsets are worn by a great many of the officers in the French and German armies. But I do not believe that English officers use them—not to any extent, at least."

"The challenge that the leaders of the new fashion make—that no physician has ever discovered any ill effects from wearing corsets—will not win many men to their side. It stands to reason that a man is stronger and more healthy for not being laced. There is no question about the injurious effects of corsets on women, and why should this not be true of men?"

PEOPLE WHO HATE HOLIDAYS.

EVERY year a discussion on the uselessness of holidays is dragged out by the ears by irreverent journalistic resurrectionists. It makes useful "copy," this perennial subject—"Are holidays beneficial?" But the airing of the topic does no one the smallest particle of good. Holidays may be mistaken, but they are always taken for all that, let the argumentalists of the silly season shout themselves hoarse if they will.

"I loathe holidays," says Jones sulkily. "You over-work yourself until you resemble a shadow to get away, the sudden change of life does you more harm than good, and you come back feeling disinclined to settle down. Then getting through the business that has accumulated during your absence finishes the wreck."

"And it is not as if you enjoy yourself either," says Robinson. "It generally rains the whole time, and keeps you shut up in a tiny sitting-room with bare walls and religious tracts on the table. And all the while it costs you money."

But suggest to these two fine fellows when August comes round that they should not after all go away, and immediately they regard themselves as the two most injured men in the world. Most people are like this. You may count the exceptions on your finger ends.

If there is anyone who never takes a holiday it is the journalist. In the first place, whenever he goes away it is always with a notebook in his pocket; change of scene is not necessarily change of occupation, as you can tell if you watch a flock of sheep turned out into a fresh field. Added to this there are no businesses which are thrown so much out of gear by holidays as that of the newspaperman and the printer.

The sub-editor of one influential monthly magazine invariably spends his bank holidays and usually his Sundays at his office. He travels up to town with a well-known solicitor who finds that he gets through as much work during one day of quiet as during a week in business hours. It never occurs to either of these gentlemen that they are throwing away innumerable opportunities for recreation and pleasure. Instead of working to live, in fact, they live to work.

Habit which has its origin in greed is generally at the bottom of this. Occasionally, however, it is poverty, which, for instance, accounts for the number of volunteers who always present themselves when there is an extra pressure of business which will entail the sacrifice of holidays and Sundays. But more often it is greed and only occasionally an actual delight in work, the superior kind of satisfaction there is in feeling that while others are playing you, at least, are at business. The idea that it is waste of time to go away grows upon one. Added to this there is with those who fill responsible positions a sensation such as a general might feel in abandoning a fortress.

There is, too, a certain restful feeling about work done voluntarily that may almost amount to a holiday from work that is done under compulsion. But the average person is not susceptible to this sensation. After work he seeks recreation, which enables him to come back to his labours with renewed vigour and improved health.

BARBER (applying the lather): "I think I've got a better soap now than I've ever had before."

CUSTOMER: "I can't see any difference. It all tastes alike to me."

HE: "If you loved me, why did you at first refuse me?"

SHE: "I wanted to see what you would do."

HE: "But I might have rushed off without waiting for an explanation."

SHE: "I had the door locked."

MRS. NEWBICH (irate): "I've a good mind to sue you for your work on that last order to engrave my silver-ware!"

THE DESIGNER AND ENGRAVER: "What is the trouble, madam?"

MRS. NEWBICH: "Trouble? Why, I told you not to spare any pains to make it the swellest job you knew how, and here you've put just the same coat of arms on every piece!"

THE CASE OF MRS. PETERS.

AS TOLD TO FRANCIS WOGAN, BARRISTER-AT-LAW,
AND HERE SET DOWN BY "E."

Yes, it certainly was a most curious case, and no matter how strenuously I racked my brains, I didn't seem a bit nearer to the solution of the problem.

The facts given in the brief, forwarded to me in the case of Branson v. Great Western Railway Company, I can briefly summarise as follows.

On the 10th March, 18—, Mrs. Branson, the wife of a well-known member of the London Stock Exchange, was travelling in the four o'clock express from Bristol to Paddington.

She got into the train at Stapleton Road, and was the sole occupant of a first-class compartment in a corridor carriage.

At Bath tickets were collected, the train not stopping again until Paddington was reached at 6.40 p.m.

When Bath was left the four first-class and the two second-class compartments in the carriage in which Mrs. Branson was, were thus occupied:

In the next compartment to Mrs. Branson were two ladies, Mrs. Smith and her companion, Miss Perkins. They had joined the train at Swansea.

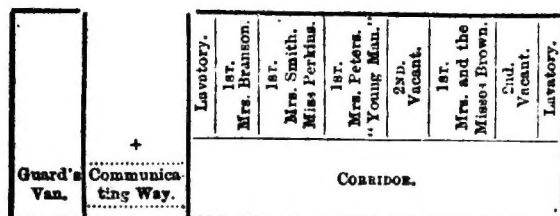
The third compartment contained an invalid lady, Mrs. Peters, and a young man.

Mrs. Peters had got in at Newport; the young man at Bath.

The fourth compartment was vacant. In the fifth were Mrs. Brown and the two Misses Brown, the wife and daughters of a director, travelling from Bath.

The sixth was vacant.

The following plan will make the position clearer:



Now, it should be remembered that this was the only corridor carriage on the train, consequently it was the last passenger carriage, and only communicated with the guard's van, between which and it was the usual covered way.

The door at the other side of the corridor was securely barred and bolted.

Mrs. Branson sat in the corner of her compartment on the right-hand side facing the engine. On the opposite seat she had placed a small jewel-case containing jewels to the value of £2,000.

After passing Swindon she went to sleep, awaking about six o'clock, or shortly after they had passed Maidenhead, to find that her jewel-case had disappeared.

She noted that the window in the little door leading to the corridor was down, and when she had fruitlessly searched the compartment she summoned the guard, who, when it was clear that the case was not in her compartment, proceeded to the next.

Miss Perkins declared that about half-an-hour before she had seen a man, whom she described as very short, thin, clean-shaven, wearing dark clothes and a cloth cap, pass her door, and almost immediately re-pass it.

She couldn't say where he came from or where he went. There was no possibility of her being mistaken. She was wide awake, and could identify him again.

Mrs. Smith drowsily said that she herself was asleep. The invalid lady, Mrs. Peters, in the next compartment, said that, as far as she could remember, a young man came into her carriage at Bath.

Her sight was very bad, and she suffered so much from a terrible spinal disease that she took no interest in anything or anyone; when or where the young man had left the carriage she didn't know.

Her name was Mrs. Peters, and she lived at 84, Onslow Street, S.W.

Miss Perkins' description of her late fellow traveller might be correct, she didn't know whether it was or not.

The other passengers were spoken to, but they knew nothing either of the jewel-case or of the "young man."

The guard then made a careful search of the compartments, but could discover neither case nor man. He then examined his own van, and looked into the lavatories with the same result, the locks and bolts of the door at the engine end of the corridor were intact.

That the man was neither in the corridor carriage nor the guard's van was clear. What was not so clear was, where could he have gone?

Between Bath and London the train preserves a uniform speed of something a little under forty-five miles an hour. If he had jumped out he must have, in all probability, been killed, or, at the least, seriously hurt, and, further, every window and door in the carriage was closed.

At Paddington the roof of the carriage was examined, but no one was found there.

The names and addresses of all the passengers in the corridor carriage were taken, and then Mrs. Branson departed with her husband, who had come to meet her, loudly bewailing the carelessness of railway officials.



The last to depart of the passengers was Mrs. Peters, who was assisted by the guard and a porter into a cab, amid some murmured words of sympathy from the tender-hearted bystanders. She walked slowly and with evident pain, her bent back and pale face testifying to the reality of her disease.

The next day she was visited by the detectives in charge of the case.

She was suffering from the effects of her journey, and lamented her inability to give the detectives any material assistance. Every effort was made to trace the man who had so mysteriously disappeared, but without success. The foregoing is a summary of the contents of my brief in Mr. Branson's action against the railway company.

In due course the action came up for trial, and I appeared for the company, which, of course, won the day.

Really, there was no case against them, and Mr. Branson was ill advised to bring the action. One of our witnesses was Miss Perkins, and I saw a good deal of her during the progress of the case. She was a pleasant looking girl, in the early twenties, who spoke in a high pitched voice, and appeared well able to look after herself. In the course of our conversation she told me she intended to leave Mrs. Smith, who was so inconsiderate and selfish that life with her was unbearable.

I assured her of my sympathy, and in answer to her question as to whether I knew of any place that would suit her, had to confess I did not. She mournfully reflected that advertising was too expensive for her to indulge in, but with some spirit declared she would rather go home to the paternal vicarage and share with her father, mother, and seven children an income, all told, of £280 a year than continue with Mrs. Smith.

She was occasionally bitter in her remarks, but she was decidedly amusing, and when the case was over I readily promised to do my best and let her know directly I heard of a place where the salary was not less than £20 a year, and a "companion" was not treated as a domestic servant.

But, although I made inquiries, I heard of nothing likely to suit her, and it was rather more than a year before I again heard of or from her. Then, one day I had a letter from her, asking me to meet her some time in the evening within the next week as soon as I conveniently could. She wrote on foolscap, and there was no heading on the paper.

She directed me to reply "c/o Tonson's Library, Piccadilly." I felt sorry for the girl, who had borne an unpleasant lot with great pluckiness, and after a little consideration I wrote back appointing my rooms in Regent Street the next evening at nine o'clock as the place and time of our meeting.

Her letter reached me on April 15th, and the same day I wrote fixing the 16th.

On the 16th, at nine o'clock, punctual to the minute she appeared, and thanked me very warmly for consenting to see her.

"You didn't mind my withholding my address, did you, Mr. Wogan?" she began, taking off her jacket, which, with great calmness, she gave me to put down.

"No; not at all," I assured her, and she slowly drew off her gloves, and deposited them on the table.

"You have fruit and—wine, here," she said, eating a grape.

"Yes; this is both my dining and smoking room," I answered, laughing at her astonishment. "But I generally dine at a club and come on here afterwards to dessert and a pipe."

"How nice."

I gave her some more grapes, and poured out a glass of Burgundy for her. She certainly looked rather pretty, and her dress was neat and appropriate. It was, I fear, a glance of admiration rather than one of scrutiny which accompanied my invitation to her to drink the wine and help herself to what she wanted. She sipped her Burgundy approvingly, and then—

"And now for my story which I am going to bother you with. It will take some time, so I'd better begin at once."

I nodded assent, remarking that I hoped she wouldn't hurry, as I had nothing to do, and was glad of her company.

An appreciative smile rewarded my truism, and she commenced her story, the substance of which I give below:



"You remember, over a year ago, my speaking to you in Court, or, to be precise, in the corridor of the Courts, of my circumstances?"

"I asked you then if you could help me to get a situation as companion. You remember?"

I replied that I did; and she continued: "Well, soon after we had that conversation I left Mrs. Smith, and looked out for another place."

"It took me some time and a great deal of trouble to find one, but at last I came across an advertisement in the TIMES, which looked promising. It ran something like this:

"An invalid lady requires, immediately, a Housekeeper. Previous experience unnecessary. Salary, £35 a year.—Apply, A., TIMES Office."

"I applied at once, and was directed to 84, Onslow Street, S.W."

"Accordingly, there I went, and found myself in the presence of the old lady who was in the carriage when that robbery took place."

"Mrs. Peters?" I asked curiously.

"Yes, it was Mrs. Peters. I knew her at once. You couldn't very well mistake her, could you?" she asked, and I, thinking of the almost crooked form of the old lady, said "No," and she went on:

"But she was much better," she told me. She didn't stoop nearly so much, and looked stronger, too, than when I saw her in the train."

"Although I recognised her at once, I didn't let her see it, for somehow or other, I had an idea she would not be so ready to engage me if she knew I was mixed up with an affair which gave her so much trouble."

"I felt sure she didn't recognise me, and recovering my composure, I began to speak of business. She appeared to like me, and told me she would engage me if I would come in at once, and further undertake to do all in my power to make her and her nephew, Herbert Sandeman, comfortable."

"I willingly acquiesced in both conditions, and Mrs. Peters became very complimentary, and said she felt she could rely on me not to gossip about her and her friends."

"I assured her that she could, and when I heard that there were two servants kept, and that I was only required to supervise their work, and take entire control of the ménage, I was quite delighted with the old lady, and looked forward to a very profitable and easy time."

"She gave me to understand that I should have my own rooms, and requested that I would not go into her apartments for any purpose."

"It is a fad of mine," she explained. "The servant does my rooms when I ring for her; but otherwise, I like to keep entirely to myself."

"The less work for me," I mentally ejaculated, and took my leave, to return again the following day with my boxes."

"Mrs. Peters invited me to lunch with her and her nephew, and now for surprise number two."

"The nephew, Herbert Sandeman, was the man who had passed and re-passed my door in the corridor carriage, the day of the robbery, and afterwards could not be found."

"Dear me," I said sympathetically, hardly knowing how much was fact and how much was due to imagination in my visitor's story. She seemed surprised at my lack of enthusiasm, but continued:

"Mr. Sandeman shook hands with me very cordially, and it is quite certain he didn't recognise me."

"I suppressed the emotion that I undoubtedly felt, and Mrs. Peters and I talked right through the meal."

"Mr. Sandeman didn't say much, but he was very nice, and very good-looking; too short and small, perhaps, but good-looking."

"You are positive he was the man," I asked, assuming a severely judicial tone.

"Positive," she replied, "absolutely positive, there can be no doubt about it. Mr. Sandeman was the man I saw in the corridor carriage when the robbery happened."

She spoke emphatically, and I no longer doubted her, but awaited the further developments of her story."

She proceeded:

"It may be asked why he didn't recognise me—well, that is easily explained."

"Mr. Sandeman, in all probability, didn't even notice me when he passed our compartment, and I hardly spoke to Mrs. Peters at all. Indeed, I hadn't said six words to her before I saw her at 84, Onslow Street; at the trial, Mrs. Peters didn't turn up."

That was so; a doctor certified that she was suffering from a spinal complaint and was so ill that it would endanger her life to be brought to court, and, therefore, her evidence was taken on commission at her own house.

"Well," she continued, "after the awkwardness of the first meeting was over, I settled down to the routine work of the house."

"Mrs. Peters, of whom I saw very little, was most kind, and I think I may say that I never have had such an easy and comfortable situation."

"I was in no way interfered with. My hours were my own, but I took good care not to abuse my employer's kindness. Occasionally Mrs. Peters and her nephew went away for a few days, but generally one or the other was at home.

"Mr. Sandeman would frequently take me to a theatre or an exhibition, and once or twice I have dined out with him.

"He gave me a lot of flowers and fruit and such things, and often would come to my sitting-room after he had finished dining, and play cards with me.

"Oh! he was very nice, and that is why I am so sorry." I looked at her directly, and just a little blush showed itself on her cheek.

She continued quickly: "I had been at Mrs. Peters' about a year, when a day or so ago she told me that she and Mr. Sandeman were going away for a couple of days. This was nothing unusual, and I received her instructions as to what to do in her absence. That night, Mr. Sandeman came in to play cards with me, and he also said he was going away early in the morning.

"I went to bed at ten o'clock, as was my custom, but, unfortunately, I could not sleep. I had the most agonising headache, and at last I gave up all attempts at sleep, and got up to look for a book to read.

"There was none in my room, so I took the candle and began my way to the library. I slept on the third floor; on the first were Mrs. Peters' and Mr. Sandeman's rooms. The library was on the ground floor.

"As, wrapped in my dressing-gown, I was passing Mrs. Peters' door, I heard the sound of people speaking.

"I stopped to listen, and distinctly heard Mrs. Peters say: 'Well, we'll shift the things to-night, and then for the last—'

"I didn't catch the word, but I heard Mr. Sandeman say something about 'having enough,' and the 'steels being risky'; and then my candle fell and the door opened and Mr. Sandeman came out.

"Before he had time to shut the door I had seen another man standing by the fireplace in Mrs. Peters' room."

"And Mrs. Peters herself?"

"She must have been in bed. I didn't see her. As

soon as he had shut the door behind him Mr. Sandeman spoke to me and asked me kindly, though suspiciously, if I wanted anything. I stammered out the reason of my being there, and he came down and helped me to find a book.

"He came as far as his own door with me, and then he held out his hand and said good-night, adding:

"I can trust you, I think."

"I hurriedly cried 'Yes,' and went back to my room as quickly as I could, and got into bed.

"The next morning Mrs. Peters and Mr. Sandeman went off.

"That would be the 14th of April.

"In the evening I let the two servants go out, and settled myself down to a long, dreary evening.

"And now, Mr. Wogan, I am about to confess an act of inexcusable meanness.

"I had always been dying of curiosity to know why I wasn't allowed to go into Mrs. Peters' room, and that feeling had been greatly intensified by what I had seen the preceding night.

"Accordingly, in spite of myself, I resolved to explore and see, as far as I could, what was to be seen. About eight o'clock I lit a candle and went up to Mrs. Peters' room.

"The door was locked, so I went downstairs to the dining-room cupboard, where I knew there was a bunch of keys, and brought them upstairs. I tried each one until I came to the last two; one of these proved to be the proper key, and with it I opened the door.

"I was horribly nervous as I walked inside, and I pretty well shook with fright when I realised that I was in the mysterious room at last. The room itself was of ordinary size, and was neatly but sparsely furnished.

"A bed, a washstand, a large chest of drawers, a wardrobe, a dressing-table, and chairs were, with the exception of a bath and such like articles, all that the room contained. There was a very narrow strip of carpet on the floor, but what most astonished me were the razors and shaving materials which were on the mantelpiece.

"I looked into the wardrobe; a woman's dress and a jacket were hanging up, and near them was a most extraordinary thing.

"It looked like a long crinoline, some three feet in length, made entirely of steel rings, all tapering towards the top. I took it down; it was very light and collapsible. I had never seen anything like it before, and I hung it back when I had examined almost every ring carefully.

"The drawers, again, were full of most curious things. This was, to say the least of it, peculiar, and altogether completely confused.

"I had only just put back the bottom drawer, when I heard footsteps in the corridor, and, very much startled, I ran out to see who was there.

"Two men stood outside the door.

"One said: 'You're no call to be frightened, miss; we're detectives.'

"Oh! I gasped. 'How did you get in?'

"Never you mind that, young lady,' the man answered pleasantly enough, and I didn't; but I caught sight of the cook's face peering over the banisters, and my question was answered.

"What do you want with me?' I said, affecting to be afraid.

"Nothing at all. We have a warrant to search this house, and we'll do it now, with your leave."

"I said nothing, but I assure you, Mr. Wogan, I felt quite ill.

"However, I followed the men into Mrs. Peters' and Mr. Sandeman's sitting and bed rooms.

"Their search was apparently unsatisfactory, for with the exception of the steels and the dress and jacket they had found nothing.

"Two other men then came up, and reported a fruitless search. They seemed pleased when they were shown the steels, but I can't say that there was any exhibition of pleasure on the part of any of them.

"One of the men then took me aside and advised me not to stay any longer in the house. They said Mrs. Peters was a terrible thief, and that the less I had to do with her the better.

"Then he took the others away, and the cook came up and said she 'knew all' and was going that very night.

"And so she did, the housemaid following her example, leaving me alone in the house.

"The next day I wrote to you.

"I had about £20 of my salary left, and I engaged a charwoman to come in and do the rough work of the house.

"What to do now I don't know; I haven't heard from either Mrs. Peters or Mr. Sandeman.

"Oh!" she concluded, "I do hope they will be home soon."

There was a short silence. For my own part, I didn't know how to advise her. The police might have made a mistake.

During the whole time she had lived with Mrs. Peters she had seen or noticed nothing to rouse her suspicions. If she left Onslow Street, and everything came right, she would rightly blame me for the loss of a good situation. I asked if she knew the name of the detective who had spoken to her, but she did not.

In these circumstances, I thought the best advice I could give her would be that she should go back to Mrs. Peters' and wait to see what happened. In the meantime I promised to make inquiries and see how matters stood.

She thanked me very warmly and went away, after promising to let me know how and when I could be of service to her in the future.

I felt sorry for the girl, but there, I am not such a hypocrite as to assert that her good looks and pleasing ways had not a great deal to do with the interest I took in her.

In the morning, while dressing, I thought over her story, and determined to send for one of the Scotland Yard men I officially knew, and get the information I wanted from him. At breakfast, however, the necessity had gone, for I had read the following in the morning's TIMES:

“CLEVER CAPTURE OF RAILWAY THIEVES. PROCEEDINGS AT BOW STREET POLICE COURT.

"Marmaduke Noble, 55, described on the charge sheet as a convict on ticket-of-leave, was charged with being concerned with Herbert Sandeman, 30, described as a graduate of Oxford University and an army coach, in stealing a handbag containing a quantity of valuable jewellery, the property of a Mrs. Talbot, from a first-class carriage in a Great Northern express train on the 15th of this month.

"The facts are as follows:

"At Grantham an old lady, assisted by a young man, took her seat in the corridor express for London.

"In the next compartment Mrs. Talbot sat.

"Shortly after leaving Crewe the young man, who was the prisoner Sandeman, went into Mrs. Talbot's compartment. Immediately after he had gone out again Mrs. Talbot missed her jewel-case.

"She summoned the guard.

"A search was made through the whole train, but neither the jewel-case nor the old lady's companion could be found.

"Thereupon, Detective Scott, who has had the prisoner under surveillance ever since a similar robbery on the G.W.R. system occurred more than twelve months ago, arrested 'Mrs. Peters,' the old lady referred to above.

"Mrs. Peters' appeared to be much overcome at the indignity put upon her, and refused to allow herself to be searched.

"Detective Scott then took 'her' into custody, charging 'her,' in the name of Marmaduke Noble, with being concerned in the London and North-Western Robbery last month, and also with stealing Mrs. Talbot's jewel-case.



"In the course of a subsequent conversation, the detective told the prisoner his house had been searched, and a steel crinoline discovered.

"In this contrivance it is possible to conceal a man, and the *modus operandi* of 'Mrs. Peters' and her companion appears to have been this:

"Directly a robbery was effected, the man Sandeman would conceal himself in the steel crinoline, which was suspended by strong leather straps from his confederate's shoulders, and covered as it was by a cloak and the woman's dress, which Noble wore over his other clothes, gave the wearer the appearance of being almost hump-backed; and would be carried off into a cab, and then home to 84, Onslow Street, where the two lived.

"It was an ingenious idea and cleverly worked out, but latterly railway robberies have become very frequent, and in almost every case 'Mrs. Peters' has been a passenger in the train in which they occurred.

"Consequently a strict watch was kept on her and her companion's movements, culminating yesterday in the arrest of both.

"Before arriving at King's Cross, Noble, seeing two other detectives ready to overcome any resistance, admitted that the game was up, and Sandeman crawled out from the steels to whose rings he had clung, having the jewels abstracted from the case in his pockets.

"At Bow Street yesterday both pleaded guilty to the charge, and, further, pleaded guilty to a long list of previous convictions.

"They were committed for trial on the charge of stealing Mrs. Talbot's jewels."

Some weeks after I read in the paper that Noble and Sandeman, having pleaded guilty at their trial, were sentenced to seven years' and five years' penal servitude respectively. Miss Perkins, through my instrumentality, soon obtained another situation, and was fortunate enough to inspire her valetudinarian employer with a love which nothing but marriage could gratify.

She is now rich, and I believe happy, though I shouldn't like to say that at one time she was not just a little fond of the junior partner in the thieving fraternity of 84, Onslow Street.

However, she seems to make a very good wife, and never omits to send me a Christmas card.

SOCIETY REPORTER: "Mrs. Skibhigh complains that the picture we printed does not look a bit like her."

Editor: "That's luck. We can use it for some one else."

If there is anything in this world more anxious than the look on the face of a bachelor who has been beguiled into holding a baby, it is the look on the face of the baby's mother eagerly watching him while he does it.

DENTIST'S DAUGHTER (who hears her father approaching): "Oh, dear, Edward, here comes my father! If he should find us together here we are lost! Oh, he is coming! You will have either to ask for my hand, or—let him pull out a tooth for you!"

THE poor drunkard lay in the gutter, while the thoughtless crowd jeered. Along came the good-hearted citizen and placed the unfortunate in a standing position.

"Ah!" said the crowd, "he has been there himself." So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Mrs. C.: "Doctor, you were at the last illness of my eldest boy?"

Doctor: "Yes."

Mrs. C.: "You also tended professionally my first husband, who died?"

Doctor: "Yes."

Mrs. C.: "Well, my second husband is ill, and I would like you to see him."

Your Character from your Handwriting

TO amuse and at the same time to interest our readers we have retained the services of the most expert graphologist of the present day, and even those who do not believe in the art will soon find themselves convinced if they care to send along a specimen of their handwriting upon an unruled sheet of paper with their usual signature and full address. From this their characters will be told. These characters will not necessarily be flattering. They will be bare statements of the truth. In each case six stamps and a stamped and addressed envelope must be inclosed. All letters should be marked "GRAPHOLOGIST," and forwarded to

"PEARSON'S WEEKLY" BUILDING, Henrietta Street, LONDON, W.C.



QUESTIONS WORTH ANSWERING.

REPLIES.

3219. What is the Most Probable Explanation of the Superior Durability of Colour in the Paintings of Some of the Old Masters?

Some authorities attribute this superior durability to the pigments themselves, others ascribe it entirely to the vehicle (oil, etc.) with which the pigments are mixed. Liebreich ("Deterioration of Oil Paintings") rejects these explanations, but points out an important fact. These are, he says: (1) pigments durable by themselves and durable also when mixed with others; (2) pigments durable if isolated, but changing, through chemical action, if in contact with others; and (3) pigments that fade under any circumstances. Now the old masters used the first kind almost exclusively, the second only with many precautions, and the third never. Later painters have acted differently. The use of the second kind explains the fading of some of Reynolds' pictures. Those who hold the second view mentioned attribute the superior durability to the vehicle used, which protects the picture from air and moisture. The older painters were very particular on this point. They used much less oil and for some pigments not oil at all, but a more resinous vehicle. They were also particular not to put new colour on to any part of a picture that was not thoroughly dry. A perfectly satisfactory "vehicle" is not known at present.

3220. Has the House of Lords ever been More Progressive than the House of Commons?

In the transition period between the revolution of 1688 and the establishment of the modern system of parliamentary government, the House of Commons very inadequately represented the national will, and it was subject to violent fits of prejudice and bigotry. A very notable case occurred in the years 1702 to 1704. By the Test Act, Dissenters had been permitted to become members of corporations, and to enjoy most civil offices, if they occasionally conformed to the Established Church by receiving the Sacrament from an Anglican clergyman. Early in the eighteenth century the Tory party in the House of Commons introduced a bill to prevent occasional conformity, and thus to exclude Nonconformists from their rights as citizens. Three years in succession this measure was carried through the Lower House and brought up to the House of Lords, where it was on each occasion rejected, the Peers thus proving themselves the defenders of religious liberty against the bigotry of the House of Commons; the large creations of Whig peers under William, Anne, and the first and second Georges still further strengthened the party of progress in the Upper House; but under George the Third the state of parties in that Chamber was reversed.

3221. Has the Royal Prerogative of a British Sovereign ever been Made the Subject of a Bet?

The only occasion on which this is known to have happened occurred during the reign of George IV. In his time only the sovereign or the regent possessed the privilege of driving down Rotten Row. One night at supper the Marquis of Waterford laid the King an even £10,000 that he would, on one of three stated mornings, usurp this royal prerogative with impunity. The King took the bet, and on each of the three mornings drove his own equipage over the forbidden course. Just at the end of his third morning's drive, when he was congratulating himself on having won his bet, a familiar voice called out: "Good-morning, your Majesty; I hope you have enjoyed your drive. I have had the honour of preceding or following your Majesty these three mornings." The King looked round, and, to his disgust, recognised Lord Waterford in the driver of the water-cart which he had seen, but taken no particular notice of, each time that he had been in the Row. The Marquis won the bet, as there had been no stipulation as to what sort of vehicle he should drive.

3218. What was the Origin of Caste in India?

It probably originated from Conquest, and dates from the Turanian incursion into India, about the 17th century, B.C. The conquerors distinguished themselves from the conquered by the title of "Twice-Born," implying that they had passed through a stage of mental or spiritual regeneration. In course of time they became differentiated into four great classes or castes: priests, warriors, merchants, and labourers. All others were treated as outcasts or pariahs. As time went on, the principles of heredity would work in the direction of solidifying these classes, and drawing the distinctions between them more sharply. It is easy to see that the priesthood would have strong reasons for investing, with the sanction of religion, a social and economic system which gave them the first place in society, and relieved them alike from the necessity of labour and the cares of the future.

3222. Which is the Best Historical Illustration of "The Iron Hand in the Velvet Glove"?

There is no more stirring example than was furnished by Cæsar Augustus in acquiring the mastery of the Roman Empire. He made himself an absolute monarch, yet he seemed to be merely the citizen of a free state, exercising the functions of government under republican forms. As Imperator or General he possessed the power of life or death over the Roman world outside the city; as Pontifex Maximus he controlled the national religion; as Censor he could revise the Register of the Citizens and the List of the Senate, degrading or promoting whom he pleased; and by the exercise of the tribunician power, he could nullify the legislative functions of the Popular assembly. That he might not seem to be aiming at despotism, he received his various prerogatives for limited periods, but he took care to have his appointments renewed as they fell vacant. To avoid his appointing republican sentiment by calling himself a king, he assumed the inferior title of Princeps or Prince. By tact and adroitness, this man revolutionised the Roman constitution, though his abilities as a ruler and a general were of a very moderate order. He succeeded where his uncle, Julius Cæsar, the Great Dictator, had failed.

3223. What is the Most Striking Instance of a Huge Fortune being Amassed in the Shortest Space of Time?

Probably the best modern answer to this question would be Mr. Ernest Terah Hooley, the promoter of the New Dunlop Pneumatic Tyre Company, who is credited with having amassed a fortune of over two millions sterling in less than twelve months. Another case in point would be the round million which Nathan de Rothschild made during the week that followed the Battle of Waterloo; while in a recent report on the oilwells of Baku, the British Consul at Batoum mentions the case of a landowner on whose property a well began to throw up no fewer than 10,000 tons of petroleum a day. Translated into money, this means an income of about £6,000 a day, or £2,190,000 a year—which, while it lasts, certainly appears to put both tyre-financing and stock-dealing completely into the shade.

3225. Which First Came into Existence, Coloured or Uncoloured Insects?

The latter. The oldest known insects are found in the Devonian rocks of North America. They are referred to the order *Neuroptera*, and are allied to the Mayflies. In the succeeding epoch, the carboniferous insects make their appearance similar to the cockroach, the grasshopper, and the beetle. The moths are also doubtfully represented, but no butterflies are known. It is not difficult to understand why the earliest insects should not have been highly coloured. In the Devonian and carboniferous periods there were no flowering plants and no birds. Insects are furnished with bright colours for the purpose of protective mimicry. Butterflies, for example, which have no weapons of defence like the bees, are coloured to resemble flowers, with which their lives are chiefly associated. Birds seek these insects as their food, but they often mistake them for flowers, and thus pass them over. In the ancient epochs, before birds existed, it was therefore needless for insects to be protected by their bright colour.

3224. Which is the Most Perfect Fuel?

A perfect fuel may briefly be defined to be one that is cheap, burns without waste, and has a high calorific power. The nearest approach to perfection in these respects is to be found in the liquid fuel used on the Caledonian Packet Company's Steamers, the locomotives on the Great Eastern Railway, and the vessels on the Caspian and Volga. This liquid fuel is either a kind of tar recovered from blast furnace gases in the Clyde district or the refuse from the Baku petroleum industry in the Caucasus. It has high heating power—1·8 times that of good coal—and the fires, which are automatically fed are under perfect control, while the fuel requires little space for storage, leaves no ashes, clinkers, or dust, and is economical.

3226. Has the Maritime Greatness of a Nation ever Originated in Piracy?

Not only must the answer be in the affirmative, but it may be stated that it would be hard to find a maritime nation whose greatness did not begin in this way. There is every reason to believe that the earliest navigators were a mixture of trader and freebooter. The ancient Greeks were avowedly pirates, and saw no shame in the name. Venice is a possible exception. The maritime power of Turkey was founded by the great Solymán, whose first fleet was constructed, commanded and manned by the younger Barbarossa and his corsairs. Of the Scandinavians and the Dutch there is little need to say much. Their ancestors were pirates almost to a man. As for ourselves we were unquestionably a nation of pirates from the dawn of our history until the year 1588—and there are those who at least profess to believe that British piracy on a national scale did not come quite to an end even then.

3227. What Book Brought Most Odium on its Author?

So many books have, for the time being at least, brought infamy rather than fame to their writers, that it would be somewhat difficult to definitely single out one as the answer to the question. Three famous books may, however, be fairly bracketed together: "De Revolutionibus" earned for Copernicus the unanimous execration of the orthodox world. The "Dialogo" of Galileo alienated his friends, blasted his former reputation, and cast a cloud over the remainder of his life. In our own day "The Origin of Species" drew down from pulpit and platform and editorial eminence a perfect flood of obloquy on the head of the man who, thirty years later, was borne amidst the reverent silence of the civilised world to his grave in Westminster Abbey. Of late years these things are ordered differently. The catalogues of our most respectable libraries contain the names of many books which, instead of covering their authors with really well-deserved infamy, win for them all the prizes of literature save the respect of decent people, and, possibly, the honour of posterity.

3228. Which Two Nations of Importance have been Friendly for the Greatest Length of Time?

England and Germany. There may have been differences of opinion, and somewhat strained relationships, which diplomatic intercourse, however, has smoothed over. But, throughout the long and warlike history of these two great nations, there has never been any open warfare. Alliances, offensive and defensive, have frequently been formed between Germany and England, and the fact that Richard I. of England was imprisoned by Henry VI.—when Germany comprised much of the present Austrian area—was no national quarrel, but an entirely personal one. The war of the Austrian Succession also strained relationships between England and one of the German emperors. Charles VII. entered into alliance with France, Spain, Prussia, etc., against the claims of Maria Theresa, who was supported by England and other Powers. But even here England was siding with one section of the German empire. The progress of Napoleon through Europe was checked by England in conjunction with Germany (i.e., Prussia and other German States). Much that can be said of Germany and England can also be said of Austria, if we treat it as a separate empire, for we have never been to war with it.

CONDITIONS.

We shall be glad to receive replies to any of the questions asked here from our readers. Each reply must bear the writer's name and address. We shall print the best reply to each question, and shall pay for all matter printed at the rate of two guineas a column. The same reader may send replies to any number of queries. Envelopes should be marked "Replies" in the top left-hand corner, and answers to the questions in any issue of the paper must reach us by first post on the Tuesday of the week following that for which the paper is dated. Payment will only be made for replies published. Authorities on which replies are based must be given. Half-a-crown will be paid on publication for every question received which is considered worthy of insertion.

QUESTIONS.

3251. Which is the most striking case in history of the importance of trifles?
3252. Which is the oldest industrial firm in the world?
3253. Which is the most intelligent of all the aboriginal races the British have come in contact with in civilisation?
3254. In which civilised country do the inhabitants manage to get through life with the least amount of labour?
3255. Which animal has the most complicated system of digestive organs?
3256. Which waste matter at the present day seems to offer the greatest opportunity to the inventor?
3257. Does the height of the air over our heads vary with the barometer?
3258. Do scarlet flowers stand drought better than others? If so, why?
3259. Which is the most volatile liquid?
3260. Does a pneumatic tyre wear more with fast or slow riding?

TO TRUSTEES AND INVESTORS.

THE PRINCIPAL AND INTEREST OF MONEY LENT ON MORTGAGES can be absolutely secured by the payment of a small annual premium to the Ocean Accident & Guarantee Corporation, Ltd., of London, who are prepared to issue policies to the Investor securing his money and interest.

NO ¹ ² ³ ⁴ ⁵ ⁶ ⁷ ⁸ ⁹ ¹⁰ ¹¹ ¹² ¹³ ¹⁴ ¹⁵ ¹⁶ ¹⁷ ¹⁸ ¹⁹ ²⁰ ²¹ ²² ²³ ²⁴ ²⁵ ²⁶ ²⁷ ²⁸ ²⁹ ³⁰ ³¹ ³² ³³ ³⁴ ³⁵ ³⁶ ³⁷ ³⁸ ³⁹ ⁴⁰ ⁴¹ ⁴² ⁴³ ⁴⁴ ⁴⁵ ⁴⁶ ⁴⁷ ⁴⁸ ⁴⁹ ⁵⁰ ⁵¹ ⁵² ⁵³ ⁵⁴ ⁵⁵ ⁵⁶ ⁵⁷ ⁵⁸ ⁵⁹ ⁶⁰ ⁶¹ ⁶² ⁶³ ⁶⁴ ⁶⁵ ⁶⁶ ⁶⁷ ⁶⁸ ⁶⁹ ⁷⁰ ⁷¹ ⁷² ⁷³ ⁷⁴ ⁷⁵ ⁷⁶ ⁷⁷ ⁷⁸ ⁷⁹ ⁸⁰ ⁸¹ ⁸² ⁸³ ⁸⁴ ⁸⁵ ⁸⁶ ⁸⁷ ⁸⁸ ⁸⁹ ⁹⁰ ⁹¹ ⁹² ⁹³ ⁹⁴ ⁹⁵ ⁹⁶ ⁹⁷ ⁹⁸ ⁹⁹ ¹⁰⁰ ¹⁰¹ ¹⁰² ¹⁰³ ¹⁰⁴ ¹⁰⁵ ¹⁰⁶ ¹⁰⁷ ¹⁰⁸ ¹⁰⁹ ¹¹⁰ ¹¹¹ ¹¹² ¹¹³ ¹¹⁴ ¹¹⁵ ¹¹⁶ ¹¹⁷ ¹¹⁸ ¹¹⁹ ¹²⁰ ¹²¹ ¹²² ¹²³ ¹²⁴ ¹²⁵ ¹²⁶ ¹²⁷ ¹²⁸ ¹²⁹ ¹³⁰ ¹³¹ ¹³² ¹³³ ¹³⁴ ¹³⁵ ¹³⁶ ¹³⁷ ¹³⁸ ¹³⁹ ¹⁴⁰ ¹⁴¹ ¹⁴² ¹⁴³ ¹⁴⁴ ¹⁴⁵ ¹⁴⁶ ¹⁴⁷ ¹⁴⁸ ¹⁴⁹ ¹⁵⁰ ¹⁵¹ ¹⁵² ¹⁵³ ¹⁵⁴ ¹⁵⁵ ¹⁵⁶ ¹⁵⁷ ¹⁵⁸ ¹⁵⁹ ¹⁶⁰ ¹⁶¹ ¹⁶² ¹⁶³ ¹⁶⁴ ¹⁶⁵ ¹⁶⁶ ¹⁶⁷ ¹⁶⁸ ¹⁶⁹ ¹⁷⁰ ¹⁷¹ ¹⁷² ¹⁷³ ¹⁷⁴ ¹⁷⁵ ¹⁷⁶ ¹⁷⁷ ¹⁷⁸ ¹⁷⁹ ¹⁸⁰ ¹⁸¹ ¹⁸² ¹⁸³ ¹⁸⁴ ¹⁸⁵ ¹⁸⁶ ¹⁸⁷ ¹⁸⁸ ¹⁸⁹ ¹⁹⁰ ¹⁹¹ ¹⁹² ¹⁹³ ¹⁹⁴ ¹⁹⁵ ¹⁹⁶ ¹⁹⁷ ¹⁹⁸ ¹⁹⁹ ²⁰⁰ ²⁰¹ ²⁰² ²⁰³ ²⁰⁴ ²⁰⁵ ²⁰⁶ ²⁰⁷ ²⁰⁸ ²⁰⁹ ²¹⁰ ²¹¹ ²¹² ²¹³ ²¹⁴ ²¹⁵ ²¹⁶ ²¹⁷ ²¹⁸ ²¹⁹ ²²⁰ ²²¹ ²²² ²²³ ²²⁴ ²²⁵ ²²⁶ ²²⁷ ²²⁸ ²²⁹ ²³⁰ ²³¹ ²³² ²³³ ²³⁴ ²³⁵ ²³⁶ ²³⁷ ²³⁸ ²³⁹ ²⁴⁰ ²⁴¹ ²⁴² ²⁴³ ²⁴⁴ ²⁴⁵ ²⁴⁶ ²⁴⁷ ²⁴⁸ ²⁴⁹ ²⁵⁰ ²⁵¹ ²⁵² ²⁵³ ²⁵⁴ ²⁵⁵ ²⁵⁶ ²⁵⁷ ²⁵⁸ ²⁵⁹ ²⁶⁰ ²⁶¹ ²⁶² ²⁶³ ²⁶⁴ ²⁶⁵ ²⁶⁶ ²⁶⁷ ²⁶⁸ ²⁶⁹ ²⁷⁰ ²⁷¹ ²⁷² ²⁷³ ²⁷⁴ ²⁷⁵ ²⁷⁶ ²⁷⁷ ²⁷⁸ ²⁷⁹ ²⁸⁰ ²⁸¹ ²⁸² ²⁸³ ²⁸⁴ ²⁸⁵ ²⁸⁶ ²⁸⁷ ²⁸⁸ ²⁸⁹ ²⁹⁰ ²⁹¹ ²⁹² ²⁹³ ²⁹⁴ ²⁹⁵ ²⁹⁶ ²⁹⁷ ²⁹⁸ ²⁹⁹ ³⁰⁰ ³⁰¹ ³⁰² ³⁰³ ³⁰⁴ ³⁰⁵ ³⁰⁶ ³⁰⁷ ³⁰⁸ ³⁰⁹ ³¹⁰ ³¹¹ ³¹² ³¹³ ³¹⁴ ³¹⁵ ³¹⁶ ³¹⁷ ³¹⁸ ³¹⁹ ³²⁰ ³²¹ ³²² ³²³ ³²⁴ ³²⁵ ³²⁶ ³²⁷ ³²⁸ ³²⁹ ³³⁰ ³³¹ ³³² ³³³ ³³⁴ ³³⁵ ³³⁶ ³³⁷ ³³⁸ ³³⁹ ³⁴⁰ ³⁴¹ ³⁴² ³⁴³ ³⁴⁴ ³⁴⁵ ³⁴⁶ ³⁴⁷ ³⁴⁸ ³⁴⁹ ³⁵⁰ ³⁵¹ ³⁵² ³⁵³ ³⁵⁴ ³⁵⁵ ³⁵⁶ ³⁵⁷ ³⁵⁸ ³⁵⁹ ³⁶⁰ ³⁶¹ ³⁶² ³⁶³ ³⁶⁴ ³⁶⁵ ³⁶⁶ ³⁶⁷ ³⁶⁸ ³⁶⁹ ³⁷⁰ ³⁷¹ ³⁷² ³⁷³ ³⁷⁴ ³⁷⁵ ³⁷⁶ ³⁷⁷ ³⁷⁸ ³⁷⁹ ³⁸⁰ ³⁸¹ ³⁸² ³⁸³ ³⁸⁴ ³⁸⁵ ³⁸⁶ ³⁸⁷ ³⁸⁸ ³⁸⁹ ³⁹⁰ ³⁹¹ ³⁹² ³⁹³ ³⁹⁴ ³⁹⁵ ³⁹⁶ ³⁹⁷ ³⁹⁸ ³⁹⁹ ⁴⁰⁰ ⁴⁰¹ ⁴⁰² ⁴⁰³ ⁴⁰⁴ ⁴⁰⁵ ⁴⁰⁶ ⁴⁰⁷ ⁴⁰⁸ ⁴⁰⁹ ⁴¹⁰ ⁴¹¹ ⁴¹² ⁴¹³ ⁴¹⁴ ⁴¹⁵ ⁴¹⁶ ⁴¹⁷ ⁴¹⁸ ⁴¹⁹ ⁴²⁰ ⁴²¹ ⁴²² ⁴²³ ⁴²⁴ ⁴²⁵ ⁴²⁶ ⁴²⁷ ⁴²⁸ ⁴²⁹ ⁴³⁰ ⁴³¹ ⁴³² ⁴³³ ⁴³⁴ ⁴³⁵ ⁴³⁶ ⁴³⁷ ⁴³⁸ ⁴³⁹ ⁴⁴⁰ ⁴⁴¹ ⁴⁴² ⁴⁴³ ⁴⁴⁴ ⁴⁴⁵ ⁴⁴⁶ ⁴⁴⁷ ⁴⁴⁸ ⁴⁴⁹ ⁴⁵⁰ ⁴⁵¹ ⁴⁵² ⁴⁵³ ⁴⁵⁴ ⁴⁵⁵ ⁴⁵⁶ ⁴⁵⁷ ⁴⁵⁸ ⁴⁵⁹ ⁴⁶⁰ ⁴⁶¹ ⁴⁶² ⁴⁶³ ⁴⁶⁴ ⁴⁶⁵ ⁴⁶⁶ ⁴⁶⁷ ⁴⁶⁸ ⁴⁶⁹ ⁴⁷⁰ ⁴⁷¹ ⁴⁷² ⁴⁷³ ⁴⁷⁴ ⁴⁷⁵ ⁴⁷⁶ ⁴⁷⁷ ⁴⁷⁸ ⁴⁷⁹ ⁴⁸⁰ ⁴⁸¹ ⁴⁸² ⁴⁸³ ⁴⁸⁴ ⁴⁸⁵ ⁴⁸⁶ ⁴⁸⁷ ⁴⁸⁸ ⁴⁸⁹ ⁴⁹⁰ ⁴⁹¹ ⁴⁹² ⁴⁹³ ⁴⁹⁴ ⁴⁹⁵ ⁴⁹⁶ ⁴⁹⁷ ⁴⁹⁸ ⁴⁹⁹ ⁵⁰⁰ ⁵⁰¹ ⁵⁰² ⁵⁰³ ⁵⁰⁴ ⁵⁰⁵ ⁵⁰⁶ ⁵⁰⁷ ⁵⁰⁸ ⁵⁰⁹ ⁵¹⁰ ⁵¹¹ ⁵¹² ⁵¹³ ⁵¹⁴ ⁵¹⁵ ⁵¹⁶ ⁵¹⁷ ⁵¹⁸ ⁵¹⁹ ⁵²⁰ ⁵²¹ ⁵²² ⁵²³ ⁵²⁴ ⁵²⁵ ⁵²⁶ ⁵²⁷ ⁵²⁸ ⁵²⁹ ⁵³⁰ ⁵³¹ ⁵³² ⁵³³ ⁵³⁴ ⁵³⁵ ⁵³⁶ ⁵³⁷ ⁵³⁸ ⁵³⁹ ⁵⁴⁰ ⁵⁴¹ ⁵⁴² ⁵⁴³ ⁵⁴⁴ ⁵⁴⁵ ⁵⁴⁶ ⁵⁴⁷ ⁵⁴⁸ ⁵⁴⁹ ⁵⁵⁰ ⁵⁵¹ ⁵⁵² ⁵⁵³ ⁵⁵⁴ ⁵⁵⁵ ⁵⁵⁶ ⁵⁵⁷ ⁵⁵⁸ ⁵⁵⁹ ⁵⁶⁰ ⁵⁶¹ ⁵⁶² ⁵⁶³ ⁵⁶⁴ ⁵⁶⁵ ⁵⁶⁶ ⁵⁶⁷ ⁵⁶⁸ ⁵⁶⁹ ⁵⁷⁰ ⁵⁷¹ ⁵⁷² ⁵⁷³ ⁵⁷⁴ ⁵⁷⁵ ⁵⁷⁶ ⁵⁷⁷ ⁵⁷⁸ ⁵⁷⁹ ⁵⁸⁰ ⁵⁸¹ ⁵⁸² ⁵⁸³ ⁵⁸⁴ ⁵⁸⁵ ⁵⁸⁶ ⁵⁸⁷ ⁵⁸⁸ ⁵⁸⁹ ⁵⁹⁰ ⁵⁹¹ ⁵⁹² ⁵⁹³ ⁵⁹⁴ ⁵⁹⁵ ⁵⁹⁶ ⁵⁹⁷ ⁵⁹⁸ ⁵⁹⁹ ⁶⁰⁰ ⁶⁰¹ ⁶⁰² ⁶⁰³ ⁶⁰⁴ ⁶⁰⁵ ⁶⁰⁶ ⁶⁰⁷ ⁶⁰⁸ ⁶⁰⁹ ⁶¹⁰ ⁶¹¹ ⁶¹² ⁶¹³ ⁶¹⁴ ⁶¹⁵ ⁶¹⁶ ⁶¹⁷ ⁶¹⁸ ⁶¹⁹ ⁶²⁰ ⁶²¹ ⁶²² ⁶²³ ⁶²⁴ ⁶²⁵ ⁶²⁶ ⁶²⁷ ⁶²⁸ ⁶²⁹ ⁶³⁰ ⁶³¹ ⁶³² ⁶³³ ⁶³⁴ ⁶³⁵ ⁶³⁶ ⁶³⁷ ⁶³⁸ ⁶³⁹ ⁶⁴⁰ ⁶⁴¹ ⁶⁴² ⁶⁴³ ⁶⁴⁴ ⁶⁴⁵ ⁶⁴⁶ ⁶⁴⁷ ⁶⁴⁸ ⁶⁴⁹ ⁶⁵⁰ ⁶⁵¹ ⁶⁵² ⁶⁵³ ⁶⁵⁴ ⁶⁵⁵ ⁶⁵⁶ ⁶⁵⁷ ⁶⁵⁸ ⁶⁵⁹ ⁶⁶⁰ ⁶⁶¹ ⁶⁶² ⁶⁶³ ⁶⁶⁴ ⁶⁶⁵ ⁶⁶⁶ ⁶⁶⁷ ⁶⁶⁸ ⁶⁶⁹ ⁶⁷⁰ ⁶⁷¹ ⁶⁷² ⁶⁷³ ⁶⁷⁴ ⁶⁷⁵ ⁶⁷⁶ ⁶⁷⁷ ⁶⁷⁸ ⁶⁷⁹ ⁶⁸⁰ ⁶⁸¹ ⁶⁸² ⁶⁸³ ⁶⁸⁴ ⁶⁸⁵ ⁶⁸⁶ ⁶⁸⁷ ⁶⁸⁸ ⁶⁸⁹ ⁶⁹⁰ ⁶⁹¹ ⁶⁹² ⁶⁹³ ⁶⁹⁴ ⁶⁹⁵ ⁶⁹⁶ ⁶⁹⁷ ⁶⁹⁸ ⁶⁹⁹ ⁷⁰⁰ ⁷⁰¹ ⁷⁰² ⁷⁰³ ⁷⁰⁴ ⁷⁰⁵ ⁷⁰⁶ ⁷⁰⁷ ⁷⁰⁸ ⁷⁰⁹ ⁷¹⁰ ⁷¹¹ ⁷¹² ⁷¹³ ⁷¹⁴ ⁷¹⁵ ⁷¹⁶ ⁷¹⁷ ⁷¹⁸ ⁷¹⁹ ⁷²⁰ ⁷²¹ ⁷²² ⁷²³ ⁷²⁴ ⁷²⁵ ⁷²⁶ ⁷²⁷ ⁷²⁸ ⁷²⁹ ⁷³⁰ ⁷³¹ ⁷³² ⁷³³ ⁷³⁴ ⁷³⁵ ⁷³⁶ ⁷³⁷ ⁷³⁸ ⁷³⁹ ⁷⁴⁰ ⁷⁴¹ ⁷⁴² ⁷⁴³ ⁷⁴⁴ ⁷⁴⁵ ⁷⁴⁶ ⁷⁴⁷ ⁷⁴⁸ ⁷⁴⁹ ⁷⁵⁰ ⁷⁵¹ ⁷⁵² ⁷⁵³ ⁷⁵⁴ ⁷⁵⁵ ⁷⁵⁶ ⁷⁵⁷ ⁷⁵⁸ ⁷⁵⁹ ⁷⁶⁰ ⁷⁶¹ ⁷⁶² ⁷⁶³ ⁷⁶⁴ ⁷⁶⁵ ⁷⁶⁶ ⁷⁶⁷ ⁷⁶⁸ ⁷⁶⁹ ⁷⁷⁰ ⁷⁷¹ ⁷⁷² ⁷⁷³ ⁷⁷⁴ ⁷⁷⁵ ⁷⁷⁶ ⁷⁷⁷ ⁷⁷⁸ ⁷⁷⁹ ⁷⁸⁰ ⁷⁸¹ ⁷⁸² ⁷⁸³ ⁷⁸⁴ ⁷⁸⁵ ⁷⁸⁶ ⁷⁸⁷ ⁷⁸⁸ ⁷⁸⁹ ⁷⁹⁰ ⁷⁹¹ ⁷⁹² ⁷⁹³ ⁷⁹⁴ ⁷⁹⁵ ⁷⁹⁶ ⁷⁹⁷ ⁷⁹⁸ ⁷⁹⁹ ⁸⁰⁰ ⁸⁰¹ ⁸⁰² ⁸⁰³ ⁸⁰⁴ ⁸⁰⁵ ⁸⁰⁶ ⁸⁰⁷ ⁸⁰⁸ ⁸⁰⁹ ⁸¹⁰ ⁸¹¹ ⁸¹² ⁸¹³ ⁸¹⁴ ⁸¹⁵ ⁸¹⁶ ⁸¹⁷ ⁸¹⁸ ⁸¹⁹ ⁸²⁰ ⁸²¹ ⁸²² ⁸²³ ⁸²⁴ ⁸²⁵ ⁸²⁶ ⁸²⁷ ⁸²⁸ ⁸²⁹ ⁸³⁰ ⁸³¹ ⁸³² ⁸³³ ⁸³⁴ ⁸³⁵ ⁸³⁶ ⁸³⁷ ⁸³⁸ ⁸³⁹ ⁸⁴⁰ ⁸⁴¹ ⁸⁴² ⁸⁴³ ⁸⁴⁴ ⁸⁴⁵ ⁸⁴⁶ ⁸⁴⁷ ⁸⁴⁸ ⁸⁴⁹ ⁸⁵⁰ ⁸⁵¹ ⁸⁵² ⁸⁵³ ⁸⁵⁴ ⁸⁵⁵ ⁸⁵⁶ ⁸⁵⁷ ⁸⁵⁸ ⁸⁵⁹ ⁸⁶⁰ ⁸⁶¹ ⁸⁶² ⁸⁶³ ⁸⁶⁴ ⁸⁶⁵ ⁸⁶⁶ ⁸⁶⁷ ⁸⁶⁸ ⁸⁶⁹ ⁸⁷⁰ ⁸⁷¹ ⁸⁷² ⁸⁷³ ⁸⁷⁴ ⁸⁷⁵ ⁸⁷⁶ ⁸⁷⁷ ⁸⁷⁸ ⁸⁷⁹ ⁸⁸⁰ ⁸⁸¹ ⁸⁸² ⁸⁸³ ⁸⁸⁴ ⁸⁸⁵ ⁸⁸⁶ ⁸⁸⁷ ⁸⁸⁸ ⁸⁸⁹ ⁸⁹⁰ ⁸⁹¹ ⁸⁹² ⁸⁹³ ⁸⁹⁴ ⁸⁹⁵ ⁸⁹⁶ ⁸⁹⁷ ⁸⁹⁸ ⁸⁹⁹ ⁹⁰⁰ ⁹⁰¹ ⁹⁰² ⁹⁰³ ⁹⁰⁴ ^{905</}

THE SUMMER AFTER.

I stood once more on the dear old beach,
Where we'd parted the year before,
And sitting there in the self-same spot
I saw my love once more.
The dress she wore was the one I loved,
A simple gown of white,
And I asked myself, "When she put it on,
Did she know I would come to-night?"
The moon shone bright as I closer drew,
And knelt at her feet on the sand,
Where I told her how I had loved her long,
And I ventured to take her hand.
With a silvery laugh she raised her head,
And then, oh, horrible shock!
I saw that 'twas only Rosalie's maid,
In Rosalie's last year's frock!

HIS GENEROSITY.

"WASN'T it sad about old Jobley's failure?"
"What! has he failed?"
"Yes, gone clean smash."
"That's too bad. He promised me something yesterday, but now, in his trouble, I will not hold him to it."
"That's generous of you. What was it?"
"His daughter's hand in marriage."

SKULLS OF PAPIER-MACHÉ.

IN making animal skins into fur rugs, and in the manufacture of various articles made of fur, imitation skulls are often used in place of the natural skull. The imitation skulls are made of papier-maché, the inside of the mouth and the tongue being wax-coated, while the teeth are of celluloid. When mounted, the animals are supplied with artificial eyes. The imitation skulls are strikingly characteristic in appearance. They are made in great variety as substitutes for the skulls of many animals.

AGREEABLY DISAPPOINTED.

A SAD-FACED country editor, with fringes on the heels of his trousers and the wind sighing mournfully through his whiskers, sat in his sanctum, thinking—thinking. Presently a shadow fell across the room, and a voice demanded to know if he was the editor.
"Yes, sir," he said, with a look of alarm.
Then the owner of the voice mopped the floor with the editor and went his way.
"Thank goodness!" exclaimed the editor, after he had gathered the wreck of his former self together and straightened the furniture, "life is still worth living. I expected every minute he would tell me to stop sending his paper."

FOOTBALL ON HORSEBACK.

PONY football, or mounted football, is no new game to patrons of the riding schools, but to the outsider it is a novelty in the way of sport. So far it has only been played in some of the riding schools, with insufficient light and space to show the horsemanship of the players. But there is some talk of putting it in the field, where it ought to be almost as fast as polo and vastly more interesting.

Each team has four men on a side, mounted on polo ponies about fourteen hands high. Sometimes a "big one" is run in, to be used as a battering ram. The man on a big horse may have the advantage in a scrimmage, but the pony is the better for this twisting, turning sort of riding, being more easily handled and lighter and surer on his feet.

In the beginning of the game the referee places the ball (a Rugby football) midway between the two goals, where the captains are working their horses back and forth, so as to lose nothing on the "break." At the word "go!" they spring their ponies to the ball, jump off and endeavour to get it. The ball goes to the man touching it first, who is allowed to pick it up and climb into his saddle, his opponent placing himself on the off-side. The moment he sits in his saddle the ball is "in play," the whistle is blown, and the other players charge from the opposite goal, where the full backs remain. From this point the game is like ordinary football. The man with the ball tries to ride to goal and "touch it in," while his opponents do their best to tackle or check him, twisting or turning their ponies with hands and feet. Only one arm is allowed in the "tackle."



The scrimmage is probably the most exciting part of the game; the steaming cluster of ponies "mill" in and

out, straining, plunging, and nipping too at times. The ball is in the centre of this seething mass, tucked under the prostrate body of the holder, who, lying on his pony's neck, mauled from all sides, eventually sends it galloping towards the goal, either by a clever "pass" or by the vigorous use of his blunted spurs, only to be again checked by the full-back. Up and down they struggle along the end of the ring, the horses pounding with their hoofs, until the goal is made or the ball dropped, in which case the saddles empty in a flash, and a scramble commences between the legs of the shifty brutes.

There are plenty of opportunities for strong play; for instance picking the ball off the ground by the loop without dismounting, a long "pass" at full speed, or riding to one side of the pony with the ball held well out of danger.

The ponies deserve great credit for the rapidity with which they pick up the game, and the clever way they straddle over a dismounted player. Of course, some men won't lie still, and will get stepped on; but, as the umpire says: "It's all in the game," so the injured one is dragged out and a substitute is called upon.

A DECIDED SUCCESS.

DORA: "What is that D.R.A. that you belong to?"
CLARA: "The Dancing Reform Association—gentlemen dance with gentlemen, and ladies with ladies."
"Is that idea a success?"
"Yes, indeed. At our last dance no one danced at all. We just promenaded about the conservatories."
"Do you call that a success?"
"Do I? Look at this ring."

PEOPLE WHO SUBSIST ON NOTHING.

ONE of the most remarkable fasts on record, far outdistancing any of those undertaken by Dr. Tanner, has recently been brought to a close, after having lasted one hundred and fifty-five days. It was quite an involuntary proceeding on the part of the unfortunate woman who starved for five months, and arose simply in consequence of the inability of her stomach to retain any food.

As might be expected her loss in weight was extreme, for, though she weighed fifteen stone when she began, she turned the scale at five stone five when the involuntary fast ended. The importance of the lesson derived from this case is that it supports the theory and practice of a certain minority of the members of the medical profession, who are loath to give drugs to their patients, and prefer to wait, in cases of severe dyspepsia, until rest has given the disordered stomach an opportunity of recovering strength and the power of performing its normal functions rather than forcing it by stimulants to attempt duties it is unable to perform, and whose efforts in that direction are productive of misery and pain to the unfortunate sufferers.

THE melancholy days have come,
And with them comes the thought unpleasant,
That we must soon commence to save
To buy dear Jane a Christmas present.

WORSE AND WORSE.—"Somebody has invented a tablet to facilitate writing in railway trains."
"Things are getting so that a travelling man won't have any excuse left for not writing letters to his wife."

BILKINS: "How do you do? Had the influenza yet?"
WILKINS: "No."

Bilkins: "I'm sorry for you, old fellow. What on earth do you talk about when you meet people?"

"JABUS is going to sue that life insurance company for four hundred pounds."

"Why so?"
"Well, he was insured for two thousand pounds, and when he had his leg cut off he very properly held that one-fifth of him at least was in the grave."

LITTLE BOY (pointing to window of indiarubber shop): "What are those?"
Mamma: "Those are diving suits, made of indiarubber, so that the diver won't get wet."
Little Boy: "I wish I had one."
Mamma: "What for, my dear?"
Little Boy: "To wear when you wash me."

Would You Like 96,000 Farthings?

At the right-hand top corner of the cover of P.W. will be found a coupon. This coupon will appear every week during the whole of 1896. It will also appear every week in *Short Stories* during the same period.

Procure as many of these coupons as you possibly can. Paste them on to slips of paper, or neatly into a book.

On to the person who collects the most coupons during 1896 the sum of ONE HUNDRED POUNDS will be given.

No coupons are to be sent to us until January 1st, 1897. Keep them safely till then.

AN ASSASSIN'S GUILD.

THE TURKISH CAMORRA.

WE have become accustomed to tales of horror from Constantinople. But while many of the stories that emanate from that gorgeous city have foundations only in the lurid imagination of their authors, a great many facts connected with the place are more startling than the fictions so widely circulated.

What is known in Constantinople as the Camorra is one of the facts. The Camorra is an organised band of assassins who infest the capital and provinces, and the particulars I give were gathered during a long residence in the city at some risk to myself, as the members of the Camorra are apt to resent in a pointed manner inquiry into their doings.

How the band originated nobody appears to know. It appears to consist of a large number of members, as its operation extend to all parts of Turkey, and branches of the Camorra, or similar organisations in league with it, exist elsewhere throughout the Levant. The members are almost entirely Italians and Greeks, chiefly from Naples, Sicily, and Cephalonia; but they differ considerably in rank, some being mere working-men, while others are men of fashion, who arrange business matters and carry out the better class of work, which requires something more than a strong arm and a bludgeon.

The work of the gang is varied, and is not by any means confined to murder, though that seems to have been its only occupation at one time. The introduction of fire insurance into Turkey opened out a new field for the Camorra, and incendiarism is now the most important occupation of the band. It is here, too, that the most effective organisation is shown. Since fire insurance was introduced the number of fires has increased at an enormous rate, until there are between 250 and 300 fires annually in Constantinople alone. Of this number at least 75 per cent. are incendiary fires, chiefly the work of the Camorra.

The method of procedure in this very profitable class of business is as follows. Either a member of the band is installed in a well-furnished house or shop, or a man already established in suitable premises is induced to join the band by the offer of a share in the spoils. The place is insured, generally with one of the many foreign offices, as English agents are too particular as to whom they insure, and a month or two after the insurance is effected preparations for incendiarism are made.

The goods are first removed, and the walls and floors smeared with petroleum. The place is then fired. Should the insurance agent be too curious about the circumstances of the fire, and begin to make inquiries, he is promptly waited upon by a member of the band, who gives him plainly to understand that the affair is in the hands of the Camorra, and that he will pay with his life for any trouble he makes over the money. And woe to any informer who gives evidence of incendiarism! It is well for him if he escapes with a dagger-wound.

In most cases the agent pays the money without demur. He cannot fight the band single-handed; the police will do nothing unless they are bought; and even then it would probably be found when the ruffian was arrested that he could claim to be a foreign subject, and he would find means of making his escape while being passed on to the proper authorities.

An agent has been known to resist claims, and he has either been assassinated or has narrowly escaped with his life, and has been only too glad to pay at last. I was myself an eye-witness of an attempt made in broad daylight, and in the main street of Pera, upon the life of a clerk whose employer, an English merchant, had refused to pay a fraudulent claim on the insurance company for which he was agent.

The Englishman declared his determination to resist the Camorra; but, after standing out for a few weeks he came to the conclusion that discretion was the better part of valour, and cheaper in the long run, settled the claim, and dismissed the two stalwart Croats who had acted as his bodyguard.

As an instrument of vengeance the Camorra is largely employed in Pera, the European suburb of Constantinople—especially by women. The Peris are not models of virtue, and as young Pera is as tickle as he is vapid, there are always outraged divinities to be avenged. In some cases, where nothing less than the life-blood of the faithless lover will satisfy the lady, she bargains with the Camorra for his assassination.

Dunning debtors is another and very important department of this society's business. The unpaid legions of the Turkish service are driven to borrowing money at exorbitant interest for the expenditures of everyday life, and when a month's salary is paid, the recipient has too many pressing claims on his slender resources to think of repaying loans.

The money-lender employs the Camorra, and at once some members are told off to collect the money. The unfortunate debtor is informed that unless he pays he will be knifed. He generally pays. The police, as I have said, do not interfere with the band, or, if they do it is easy to quiet them with backsheesh; but if the friends of a victim resolutely pursue a member of the band, he is smuggled off to the provinces by his comrades until the affair has blown over.

In the event of any member of the band being killed or disabled whilst engaged in work for the Camorra, those dependent upon him are duly provided for—a contingent, however, which is rare.

HOW THE TSAR TRAVELS.

EVEN those among the Royal Families of Europe most accustomed to the greatest luxury when on their journeys, the splendour and comfort of the Emperor and Empress of Russia's travelling arrangements fill the Princes and Princesses who have occasion to visit the Imperial train with astonishment and wonder, and during the Dowager Tsaritsa's journey to the south of France last year, one of the favourite excursions undertaken by those who had the good fortune of Her Imperial Majesty's acquaintance was that of going over to Nice from Cannes, Mentone, or Monte Carlo, in order to thoroughly inspect the Russian Imperial train.

As in the case with the Tsar's splendid steam yacht, absolute safety rather than speed is the great object of those on whom falls the onerous duty of guiding and managing the Imperial train. During daylight a run of thirty-five miles an hour is the highest ever attained, and at night the country folk on either side of the line see the imposing steam monster slowly wending its way among them, covering the ground less quickly than a horse can gallop.

Thanks to a very clever system of springs specially invented for the purpose by a great Russian engineer, the feeling of motion is all but deadened, and although, as an actual fact, the train is nearly always stopped for a couple of hours each morning in order to allow the Imperial occupants to go through their toilettes comfortably, there is really no necessity for this to be done.

The train weighs five hundred tons, and originally consisted of ten huge carriages, to which an extra one, namely, a nursery for the tiny grandduchess has lately been added. It is easy to see that those who built the cars had ever in their minds the Nihilist terror; thus, it would be practically impossible that any accident to the engine, however carefully planned and produced, could do more than give the Emperor and Empress a severe shock, for their suite of rooms or travelling saloons are placed in the very centre of the train. The kitchens, pantry, and larder are in front, and all the luggage waggons and the guard's van at the back, where are also to be found the servants' sleeping accommodation, for the Tsar never travels without an imposing number of attendants, including four Circassian men-servants, whose special duty it is to accompany their master on all his travelling expeditions, whether by land or sea.

The life of these picked men is certainly to be envied. They each receive a salary of £300 a year, and rejoice in a curious kind of livery, of which the distinguishing feature is long red coats covered with gold embroidery and a high black cap, each of the latter being so arranged as to make the four wearers appear of absolutely uniform height as they move noiselessly round the Imperial dining-table.

When living in the train itself, the Imperial couple enjoy quite a little holiday from the cares and worries attendant on their lives at home. The Tsaritsa can breathe freely, knowing that every precaution that human ingenuity can suggest is being taken to insure her beloved husband's safety, and the Tsar has no fear of being startled by the arrival of perpetual messengers and telegrams, for the stoppages of the Imperial train are carefully arranged for, and it would require an event of extraordinary importance before the engine would be signalled to stop at any small station.

The Imperial couple spend the whole of the morning in their comfortable travelling dining-room, a charming apartment lined with chamois leather, while the severely plain but comfortable chairs are upholstered in Russian leather. There the Tsar, who is very hospitable, often invites various members of his small personal travelling suite to breakfast and luncheon. The dining-table is supposed to seat eight, but ten have on more than one occasion sat down to an impromptu meal. The larder is replenished at every large town where the train makes a stay of more than a few minutes' duration; and, following the advice of the travelling Court physician, a far plainer menu than that generally laid on the Imperial table is always to be found when the Tsar and Tsaritsa are *en voyage*.

The Empress's sleeping saloon is hung in light blue satin, each wall forming a charming background to its fair-haired occupant. Narrow-bevelled mirrors are placed between each of the windows, and the few articles of furniture, mostly consisting of easy-chairs upholstered in blue satin and tiny boudoir tables, stand on a thick cream-coloured carpet on which bouquets of forget-me-nots seem to have been thrown. The Empress's bathroom and the Emperor's dressing-room are marvels of Oriental luxury. All the fittings are of gold and silver, and apart from their intrinsic value, are beautiful as objects of art.

It is curious to turn from the Tsaritsa's quarters to those now inhabited by her tiny daughter. The travelling nursery of the Grand Duchess Olga is arranged on the most hygienic principles. Every article of furniture, indeed, everything in the saloon can be washed, and carpets are conspicuous by their absence.

The lovely drawing-room or travelling boudoir is hung with pale pink silk, and may be said to represent the Dowager Tsaritsa's delicate taste, for it was arranged under her supervision. The walnut-wood furniture being upholstered in pompadour brocade, and two

cabinets, made during the best period of French inlaid work, contain a very choice little travelling library. This apartment is only used in the afternoon, for the Emperor does his work—and every day brings with it an immense number of documents to be looked through and letters written—at a large folding-table in the dining saloon; and there also a substantial bookcase, sunk into the wall, contains a goodly selection of Russian, English, and French novels.

It is unnecessary to recapitulate the extraordinary precautions taken along every railway line where the Russian Imperial train is about to travel, for they have often been described. It is melancholy to think that this care on one occasion at least proved unavailing, for the most serious attempt ever made on the late Tsar's life was during a journey taken by the whole Imperial family through a section of provincial Russia. On that occasion the then Imperial train was practically destroyed, although the Emperor and Empress and their children escaped serious injury. It was after this occurrence that the present train was built, and far more care was taken over the actual construction of each car or saloon carriage. A long corridor now runs the entire length of the train, and every square inch, with the exception, of course, of the windows, which are protected by plate glass of enormous thickness, is invisibly lined with wrought iron plates, intersected with steel rods.

LOOKED LIKE HANGING.

IN an American city a few years ago a young lawyer undertook the defence of an old darkey who had been arrested as a chicken thief, and who in the days of slavery had been owned by the lawyer's father.

It was the young man's first brief, and was not brilliant in either construction or delivery. The darkey received a pretty severe sentence, his guilt being well proved.

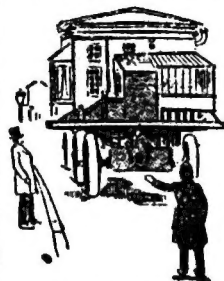
"Thank you, sah," said the prisoner, addressing the judge cheerfully, when the sentence had been pronounced; "dat's mighty hard, but it ain't anywhar near what I expected. I thought, sah, dat between my character and pore Mars' Frank's speech dey'd hang me, sure!"

HOUSES THAT RUN ON WHEELS.

A SCIENTIFIC gentleman, whose name is well known in connection with everything that has to do with motor carriages, is turning his attention towards devising a house which will run on wheels.

This house will be constructed on a light skeleton frame-work, and will be worked with a motor underneath it. The upper storey will be collapsible, so that it may be moved about with greater ease. The inventor hopes to have the structure in running order in the course of the next few months.

In a short time brick-and-mortar houses on a permanent foundation will be considered out-of-date. Men will not settle down for life in one part of the world, but will travel about and set up their tent at fancy's will. In future, when we go to the seaside, we shall take care to pack our houses.



TWICKENHAM: "How is your daughter's French tutor getting on with her?"

Biliter: "Very nicely. He has got so he can speak English first-rate."

A MAN in the Midlands put one end of a gun-barrel in the fire, and looked down the muzzle to see whether it was loaded. A coroner's jury decided that his suspicions were correct.

ADA: "No, Priscilla will never marry unless she finds her ideal."

IDA: "What sort of a man is her ideal?"

ADA: "A man who will propose."

CUSTOMER (reading a newspaper): "Here I see I am referred to in the paper again."

LANDLORD: "Indeed? What do they say about you?"

CUSTOMER (reading aloud): "At the close of last week Berlin numbered 1,573,421 inhabitants. I am one of the lot." (Made in Germany.)

"So your father was in the war?" said he.

"Yes, he was killed in battle," she replied.

"Where—er—was he shot?"

"He wasn't shot at all. He broke his neck running down the hill. War is an awfully cruel thing, don't you think so?"

FOOTBALL NOTES.

THE name of the new football leagues which have sprung into existence since last season is legion. Two at least of those formed in the south are likely to justify their existence, and these are the United League and the London League. The object of the former is to bring together the principal clubs of the South Midlands and the Metropolis, the eight which compose it being Woolwich Arsenal, Millwall, Tottenham Hotspur, Luton, Kettering, Rushden, Loughborough, and Wellingborough. The matches so far played, with a single exception, have been remarkably close, only a goal dividing the two sides in nearly every case where a drawn game has not been the result. The championship seems likely to be a very open question till very nearly the end of the series of games.

THE London League caters, so far as its first division is concerned, for that strong class of purely metropolitan clubs which is just below the strength of the Southern League, and it should tend to stimulate the middle-class amateur clubs to hold their own against the onward march of professionalism. It is sometimes alleged that the tendency of the League system is to produce and encourage professionalism; but for the life of me I can see no reason why this should necessarily be the case.

ONE of the latest additions to the Woolwich Arsenal team is a young half-back, named Shrewsbury, who is a nephew of the famous cricketer of that name.

FOOTBALLERS everywhere will hear with intense regret that the illness which attacked Mr. W. H. Gwynn, for several years secretary of the Welsh Rugby Union, nearly two years ago, has left behind it mental trouble of a somewhat serious kind. To no one more than the old Swansea half-back is the modern open scientific game due. He was an able exponent of the newer and more attractive style of play on the field, and his treatise on the four three-quarter system in that classic work "The Rugby Union Game," is far and away the clearest and most practical explanation of the principles and methods which should govern that system when it is adopted.

It is said that when F. W. Spikesley, the Sheffield Wednesday forward, was selected to play against Ireland two years ago, he made his will before going to Belfast, and on his return vowed never to cross the Channel again.

It may be remembered that last season proposals were brought before the then newly-formed Northern Rugby Union that they should discard the old oval ball in favour of one to all intents and purposes identical with that used in the Association game. A trial game in which several innovations, this amongst them, were put to the test, was played, but the result was not so favourable as to lead to any radical change. To the modern conservative Rugbyists who stand out for the oval ball, it will, doubtless, come as a shock of surprise to learn that so long ago as 1882, Mr. H. Vassall, Mr. A. Budd, and other famous players, strongly advocated the use of the round ball. Dribbling, safe and accurate kicking, passing, and clean picking up would all improve we were told. It was long the practice at Cheltenham College to play the Rugby game with an Association ball, and Mr. William Vassall, brother of the famous International, asserted that it was a great success. Yet fourteen years have passed, and we appear to be no nearer any change in this respect than we were then.

CHANGE and inconsistency seem to be the leading features of League football. Teams that have formerly led the van now occupy much more lowly positions, and those which have hitherto lain in the background are now pressing forward. What club will win the championship of the League this season it is more difficult now than perhaps it has ever been at this stage; but, on present appearances, Bolton Wanderers would decidedly be favourites. They have had a fair run of successes, and at the moment of writing are still unbeaten; but some of their most important matches fall to be played within the next week or two, and when they have passed these points of difficulty in safety there will be much greater warrant than now for predicting their ultimate success in gaining the first place in the League table.

COMBINED CYCLING AND FOOTBALL.
INSURANCE FOR £100.

We undertake to pay ONE HUNDRED POUNDS to whomsoever the Editor of PEARSON'S WEEKLY may decide to be Next-of-kin of any Football Player or Cyclist who meets his death by an accident while actually playing Football or while riding a Cycle, as the case may be. The only condition is that the Football Player or Cyclist in question must at the time of the accident be the possessor of a copy of the current number of PEARSON'S WEEKLY, which must bear his usual signature in ink on the line left blank at the foot of this notice. The copy need not be upon the person at the time of the accident. Notice of accident must be given within three days, and death must have occurred within twenty-four hours of the accident.

Signature _____

Available until midnight, October 24th, 1896.

ARMY NOTES.

No. 41.

I AM glad to see that a most useful **A New Benevolent Society** has recently been formed at **Selly Oak**, Birmingham, under the name of the **Discharged Soldiers' and Sailors' Benevolent Society**, its objects being the relief of soldiers and sailors in sickness and distress, and to procure employment for those out of work. The promoters of this admirable project hope to form similar societies all over the kingdom, and information to anyone interested in the movement will be gladly given by the Secretary, 51, High Street, Selly Oak, Birmingham.

Lieut. Dan Godfrey. THE announcement has been made that Lieut. Dan Godfrey is about to retire from the conductorship of the Grenadier Guards' Band, after a service of over forty years. His familiar face and figure will be missed by many who have come to regard him as part and parcel of one of the finest regimental bands in the British Army, and my readers will, I am sure, unite with me in wishing him the enjoyment of many years' happiness when he retires into private life from the position which he has so long creditably filled in our Army.

COMMENTING on the altogether un-fitting Boots necessarily tight fitting overalls with and Trousers. which our soldiers are now served out, and which are thoroughly unsuitable for performing the everyday physical exercises—such, for instance, as "double knee bend"—the **BROAD ARROW** goes on to say: "We see no objection whatever to infantry soldiers providing themselves with well-cut 'over-all trousers' and better quality ammunition boots for walking out; but for parade purposes it is indispensable that both garments and boots should be strictly regulation, and the regulation patterns should be thoroughly serviceable. Tight trousers are as unsuitable to marching as are 'fancy' boots," which is exactly what I contended in these Notes a week or two ago.

The Recruits' Mile. UNDER the new system of recruit training, one of the rules is for each man before being dismissed drill to cover a distance of one mile within seven minutes, and I note that recently, just prior to the dispatch of a draft of recruits from the training depot to join the home battalion, they were called upon to do the mile test upon the high road, between mile stones, in drill order. Of the men competing only two failed to do the journey in the prescribed time, and they only by a few seconds; the winner's time was 6min. 20sec., the second 6min. 22sec., the third and fourth made a dead heat of it in 6min. 25sec., and others finished inside 6min. 30sec. None of the men, it is stated, were in any way unduly exhausted, a fact which goes to prove that our young soldiers are not quite so puny and sickly as pessimists would have us believe.

Physical Training. To Colonel Fox as head of the now important gymnastic department, which has done so much of late to improve the physical condition of the British soldier, should be accorded a full share of unqualified praise, and I am thoroughly in accord with the **ARMY AND NAVY GAZETTE**, which, in an editorial dealing with this subject, says: "Gymnastics and marching are invaluable, but it is also essential that the soldier should be taught by his training to set a high value on 'condition,' and to guard it jealously. It should be the guiding principle of his life to maintain it at the highest standard, and this will, more than most other motives, prevent his running into those excesses which injure health, and reduce the fighting power of an army."

It would be a good thing if every young soldier on enlistment could be made to realise the important significance of the above.

The Queen's Reign. ATTENTION has already been called to a variety of remarkable features and incidents which have occurred during the reign of Her Majesty the Queen, and certainly not the least important is the enormous number of wars, "little and big," with which our country has had to do since 1838. I am indebted to the **ARMY AND NAVY GAZETTE** for the compilation below: Afghan War, 1838-40; first China War, 1841; Sikh War, 1845-46; Kaffir War, 1846; second war with China; second Afghan War, 1849; second Sikh War, 1848-49; Burma War, 1850; second Kaffir War, 1851-52; second Burma War, 1852-53; Crimea, 1854; first war with China, 1856-58; Indian Mutiny, 1857; Maori War, 1860-61; more wars with China, 1860 and 1862; second Maori War, 1863-66; Ashanti War, 1864; war in Bhootan, 1864; Abyssinian War, 1867-68; war with the Bazotees, 1868; third Maori War, 1868-69; war with Looshais, 1871; second Ashanti War, 1873-74; third Kaffir War, 1877; Zulu War, 1878-79; third Afghan War, 1878-80; war in Basutoland, 1879-81; Transvaal War, 1879-81; Egyptian War, 1882; Soudan, 1884-85-89; third Burma War, 1885-92; Zanzibar, 1890; India, 1890; Matabele Wars, 1894 and 1896; Chitral campaign, 1895; third Ashanti campaign, 1896; second Soudan campaign, 1896.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR THE SEA.

A VENERABLE couple from the Scottish Highlands arrived late at night at a seaside tavern. Weary, man and wife went to bed. Just as the husband was falling asleep he murmured:

"Listen to the surf, Matilda; it's glorious. I haven't heard it for forty years."

In the morning they saw no sea from windows or piazza. On inquiry the husband discovered that a bowling alley had lulled him to his rest.

SCENT BENEATH THE SKIN.

THE newest craze in France is to inject sweet-scented fluids under the skin. Of course, it is only aristocratic ladies who do this. Like all other great inventions, this one was found out by accident.

A lady who practised injecting morphia under the skin put a little essence of musk one day into the mixture of morphia. Like the lady in the old nursery rhyme, "who wore rings on her fingers and bells on her toes, and who made music wherever she goes," this lady sweetly perfumed the whole atmosphere.

But so valuable an invention could not long be kept secret. The maid had an eye to business, and in a few weeks a subcutaneous perfume syringe was to be found on every Parisian toilet table.

ALL HOPE BLASTED.

JINKS: "Ah, Blinks, glad to see you. How are Mrs. Blinks and the baby?"

Blinks: "Well—very well; only I am a little disappointed in the baby."

"Disappointed! Why, it's a boy, isn't it?"

"Yes; but you know the desire of my heart has been to have a son to succeed me as editor of the **EVENING CLARION**."

"Yes; and no doubt the youngster will inherit his father's talents."

"But he won't."

"Won't?"

"No; I shall never be able to make anything but a morning paper editor of him. He sleeps all day, and stays awake all night."

CLERKS WHO COST NOTHING.

THERE are some very mean men in this world, and some of them do business in London. One of this class is the man who takes people advertising for positions on trial. There are men who are not above hiring shorthand writers and typewriters on trial, and, having secured a week's or half a week's work out of them, discharge them for incompetency.

The pressure for such places is so great that almost any applicant will come a few days on trial—no pay if not satisfactory. The requirements of such work make a term of probation a reasonable condition. But this is taken advantage of by some men with a sudden press of work to get it done for nothing.

As a young woman so treated would not like to have it known, this can be done with comparative impunity. But a man who would deliberately rob young women of the fruits of their labour in this way is worse than the ordinary, common, everyday thief.

AT A PENNY RESTAURANT.

PEOPLE who go in for fifteen-shilling dinners, and even the gentlemen who break the confiding hearts of restaurateurs by ordering magnificent spreads and then confessing their inability to pay for them, will be surprised to learn that there is a restaurant in the East-end of London where a good meal may be obtained at the price of one penny.

"You seem to grow pretty fat on your penny dinners," a representative remarked to the sleek proprietor, who was busily preparing his dishes the other morning.

"Well, I do pretty well," said he; "but I give a decent enough dinner for a penny. My customers are chiefly factory people. Here's how I make up one of my dinners: Sausage, a farthing; pickles, a farthing; bread, a farthing; and either butter or cheese, a farthing. Down here in the East-end, I can tell you, these dinners are popular enough, and constitute the chief meal of a good many people."

"I deal chiefly in farthings. I sell a farthing's-worth of bread to plenty of customers. Another of my specialties is a halfpennyworth of tinned lobster or salmon. These delicacies are always in demand."



IS THE NOSE BECOMING SUPERFLUOUS?

AN Indian squaw watches her baby breathing in his sleep. The moment he opens his mouth she presses her fingers tightly against it. He is thus forced to make use of his nostrils. This is one of the chief reasons why he grows up strong, healthy, and broad-chested.

If every mother were to do this we should be a different nation. As it is, little or no trouble is taken to teach a child how to breathe, with the result that his chances of obtaining a full development are materially hindered.

The nose is intended for breathing, the mouth for speaking and eating. Who has ever seen a horse breathing otherwise than through his nostrils? Minute scientific investigation has revealed the fact that the number of people who breathe through their nostrils are becoming gradually but surely fewer in number. The consequence is that the nostrils decrease in size, while it has been found that the prevailing nose is quite an inferior organ to that of our forefathers.

Doctors at the present time are frequently asked to operate on noses, and to enlarge them. Their owners have found that they do not fulfil their functions as well as they used to. It is beginning to be feared by scientific people that if matters grow much worse we shall lose the use of our nasal organs entirely.

It is a well-known physiological fact that unused muscles and bones gradually disappear. Fish who live in the dark, for instance, or the mole who resides underground, become blind. Thus if we cease to use our noses for breathing they will cease to exist. They will become superfluous!

PROFESSIONAL JEALOUSY.

MACFARLANE: "I suppose you have come again in connection with the diamond pin I thought had been stolen from me. It turns out, after all, that I had left it in my dressing-case."

Morrison Doyle (from Scotland Yard): "I deeply regret that fact."

Macfarlane: "Why?"

Morrison Doyle: "Because I had found a clue to the thief."

"It's a very happy little family, isn't it?"

"Oh, dear, no! Her husband is jealous of her poodle, and her poodle is jealous of her baby, and the baby cries for its father all the time."

CHAPPIE: "I say, Miss Highsail, don't you think my parents made a horrible mistake in calling me Geawge?"

Miss Highsail: "Dear me, yes. I think Lucy would have been much more appropriate."

MAUD (just back from the Land o' Cakes): "The Scotch have an odd way of confusing the tense. For example, they would say: 'Will you be Captain Dashington?' instead of 'Are you Captain Dashington?'"

The Captain (seizing his opportunity): "Well, Miss Maud, I am not a Scotsman, but supposing I were to say: 'Will you be Mrs. Dashington?'—would you?"

"Pearson's Weekly" Railway Insurance.

438 INSURANCE CLAIMS HAVE BEEN PAID.

(Including one of a Thousand Pounds.)
This Insurance holds good for any number of claims to the extent of £2000—not for one only.

£2000 COUPON TICKET.
Specially Guaranteed by the
OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, LIMITED.

40, 42, and 44, MOORGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.
(To whom Notice of Claims, under the following conditions, must be sent within seven days to the above address.)

INSURANCE TICKET Applicable to passenger trains in Great Britain and Ireland.

Issued under Section 31 of the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act, 1894.

TWO THOUSAND POUNDS

will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident to the train in which the deceased was an ordinary ticket-bearing passenger (including holders of season and excursion tickets), and who, at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, this coupon ticket or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil on the space provided below, which is the essence of this contract. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum will be paid to the legal representatives of such person injured should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter.

This Insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to, the conditions of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890, Risks No. 2 and 3.

The purchase of this publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sec. 34 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal, or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket of this paper in respect of the same risk.

Signature

Available from 5 p.m. on Friday, October 16th, 1896, until Midnight Saturday, October 24th, 1896. (See column 3, page 235.)

Over a million ladies read HOME NOTES, the sister paper to P.W., every week. You can pick them out by their cheerful faces and smart appearance.

WORKERS AND THEIR WORK—No. CXXXVI.

MADAME FAURE AT THE ELYSÉE.

THE CLEVER WIFE OF A BRILLIANT FRENCHMAN.

WHEN the glad news first went forth that the Emperor and Empress of Russia were really going to Paris, the question arose as to what part should be played by the wife of the President of the French Republic, who, strangely enough, has no actual status—in other words, she is not entitled to a place in the President's carriage—and greatly to the mortification, it is said, of M. Faure, his excellent and popular better half was obliged to take a more or less secondary position in the splendid fêtes offered by Paris to her Imperial guests.

Mme. Félix Faure has played a very important part in her husband's career. She is a tall, elegant-looking woman, and it is hard to believe that she will have reached her fifty-fifth year on the 21st of next February. She dresses in excellent taste and yet without the slightest ostentation, and fulfils the extremely difficult post of mistress of the Elysée with great tact and discretion, though it is only fair to say that to most of her predecessors may be awarded the same praise, with the exception of Mme. Grévy, who was believed to be exceedingly "near" where her personal expenditure was concerned.

As most people know, many French marriages are carefully arranged by the parents of the young people concerned, but M. Faure can claim that he, at any rate, indulged in quite a romance. He fell in love with his future wife when she was twenty-one years of age and he a year older, but they did not marry for some three years, for the future President was at that time apprenticed to a tanner, and Mlle. Marie Mathilde Belluot was the granddaughter of the then Mayor of Amboise. Indeed, but for the fact that her father had left behind him an exceedingly bad reputation, having in fact deserted his young wife only four months after his marriage, it is very doubtful whether Mme. Faure would ever have attained her present position. Fortunately—for the President has proved himself the best of husbands in every sense of the word—the young lady's relations were only too glad to think that she should have won the love of an honest man, to whom she herself felt a strong inclination. During three long years the young people remained betrothed, meeting but seldom, for Félix Faure's son began business on his own account in Havre, and when they did meet they were always strictly accompanied, as is the invariable rule in France, by a chaperon.

A good many of the President's older friends can remember his wedding, which took place on the 10th of July, 1865. The bride, then a tall, slight, sparkling brunette, looked exceedingly beautiful, and, indeed, it was remarked that there had seldom been seen a handsome couple in the old town of Amboise, for Félix Faure is even now an exceedingly fine-looking man, devoted to all kinds of physical exercise, and taking life both seriously and easily, a by no means common combination.

M. Faure soon discovered that his young bride had a clear business head, and gradually he intrusted to his wife, as so many eminent Frenchmen have done before him, the investment and management of his rapidly increasing fortune. Although she was rarely seen in his house of business he discussed with her all that he was doing, and in order to be still more helpful to her husband, Mme. Faure set herself to master all the intricacies of business, keeping the fact even from her most intimate friends, for she at no time had any desire to play an apparently prominent part in her husband's affairs, although the President is never backward in ascribing to "Madame la Présidente" the full credit of all she has done for him.

As a mother, the mistress of the Elysée has been particularly fortunate. Her two daughters were never separated from her until the younger, Antoinette, Mme. René Berge, was married to a young engineer. She superintended their education, and in compliance with a strongly expressed wish of M. Faure, made a special point of obtaining for them a very good English governess. It is characteristic of the womanly nature of Mme. Faure that she insisted on giving up her own boudoir to be her children's schoolroom because she fancied that the outlook was pleasanter and brighter. Both Antoinette and Lucie have fully repaid their parents for the care bestowed upon them. Mme. Berge is never so happy as when staying with her mother, and Mlle. Faure, a clever and distinctly original girl, has proved of inestimable assistance to both her parents since M. Faure took over his present onerous duties.

Even in France, where Mme. Faure's personality is becoming gradually familiar and popular, few people realise that she was by no means new to the official world when she succeeded Mme. Casimir-Perier; on the contrary, her husband had several times formed part of a Moderate Republican Ministry, and during the time that she acted as hostess at the Ministry of Marine she and her eldest daughter were much liked and respected by the naval officers who attended her receptions.

Indeed, to many of those young men whose duties brought them to Paris from provincial towns and who, but for her, would have been extremely lonely, Mme. Faure acted in a truly kind and motherly fashion, and there is no doubt that the President, in a measure, directly owed his election to the fact that all those who had the honour of her acquaintance felt sure that Mme. Faure would make an admirable "Présidente."

In spite of the fact that the President of the Republic and his family are supposed to be lodged, lighted, and served at the expense of the State, M. and Mme. Faure do not find it by any means easy to make both ends meet. Their position carries with it an income of about £30,000, but without an appearance of meanness which would soon render them very unpopular, at least a tenth part of this sum has to be distributed in charity, and it is asserted that such an item as the reception of the Tsar and Tsaritsa, although the whole expense should, of course, really fall on the nation, will really cost the President something like £20,000 out of his own pocket. To take but one item, nothing is allowed for anything like new liveries, or those thousand and one details which go to make the general appearance of efficiency and smartness of a great establishment.

Again, the austere committee who drew up the scale of expenditure for the first President of the Republic, evidently considered that the chief of the State and his guests should eat to live, not live to eat. Now the French are, as a nation, exceedingly dainty, and Mme. Faure has naturally been anxious that no derogatory word should be said as to the household management of the Elysée, but she early made up her mind that everything should be paid weekly, and that each bill should be passed by herself; even so, it is impossible for her to check a certain amount of waste, for she rarely knows in the morning how many have to be provided for before the day is out; this is so true, that she once observed to a friend, that she preferred arranging a great banquet, for then the responsibility was taken off her shoulders.

The question of charity plays a great part in Mme. Faure's life. Firstly, because she is a naturally generous woman, taking, among other things, the very keenest interest in all that concerns the welfare of young children; and secondly, because every beggar in France considers that he has a prescriptive right to an alms from the first lady in France.

Following the precedent by Mme. Casimir-Perier, the present mistress of the Elysée has carefully organised what may be called the Charity Department. She does not indulge in indiscriminate giving; on the other hand, she has made it a rule never to disregard a genuine appeal. Every begging letter received by her is carefully docketed and sent on in as short a time as possible to the mayor of the district or village from which it was originally sent. It is significant that over sixty per cent. of these epistles emanate from professional begging letter writers; but, on the other hand, there is no doubt that Mme. Faure has been often able to relieve genuine cases of distress. She has established many *cèches* both at Havre and in Paris; and she and her eldest daughter make a point of visiting from time to time the chief charitable institutions of Paris.

Mme. Faure has a very large dress allowance. She only wears materials made of French manufacture, and instead of patronising any of the enormously rich and expensive dressmakers for which Paris is famous, she has remained faithful to the old-fashioned but excellent establishment first patronised by her when her husband's official position in Havre obliged her to consider seriously the advisability of dressing suitably for a great position. She is fond of rich, quiet-looking materials, and has more than once ordered a special piece of brocade to be made for her alone at Lyons. Her daughters, on the other hand, have all the French love of colour, and are both very elegant looking young women. Mme. Faure is an indulgent mother, and allows Mademoiselle Lucie to patronise dressmakers whose terms she considers far too extravagant for herself.

The President has all a Frenchman's pride in his clever and sensible wife; even now, he often consults her about important matters, and it was owing to her advice that he gave up his somewhat absurd scheme of wearing a specially designed costume in which to receive France's Imperial guests.

Unlike most president's wives, Madame Faure does not seem to care for the state and ceremony attendant on her position. Instead of spending her brief holidays in one of the country palaces haunted by the presence of the kings and queens of a bygone day, she prefers to hasten home to her beautiful property, bought within the last few years, at Ingouville, in the outskirts of Havre, and from which a splendid view of the fine old maritime town can be obtained. There Madame Faure can forget all her cares, and see once more the many friends to whom she has remained devoted.

It is a noticeable fact that the man whose will-power is such that he can stop a bad habit at any time he may see fit, is the same fellow who never sees fit.

POST-MORTEM APPRECIATION.—Friend: "You have faith that your husband will become a great artist?"

Wife: "I can't tell yet; you see, he has only been dead ten years."

FASHIONABLE SHOPMEN.

THE curious regarding our social customs, as well as those who are interested in odd phases of the labour question, may see a remarkable sight in Westbourne Grove on a certain day in the week. At one of the entrances of one of the vast shops for which that thoroughfare is noted a line of men begins to form at about four o'clock in the afternoon or shortly before that hour. It increases gradually until in a short time there are probably several dozen men in a *queue*.



The women bent on shopping pass them without any notice, for to them these human beings are not men at all, but merely possible attendants. They are, in fact, applicants for situations at the huge establishment. Even a cursory glance shows that they are all neatly dressed, if not in the very latest phase of fashion. Most of them wear frock coats and tall hats, while few, if any, are bold enough to go in for such unconventional head gear as the fashionable soft felt which commends itself to so ardent an enemy of the top hat as Mr. Labouchere.

Frock coats and tall hats are eminently "respectable," and the latter especially is an evidence of sobriety and decorum indispensable in a man who would serve a lady with a penny packet of pins or a quarter of a yard of twopence-halfpenny lace. These unfortunate men are kept waiting in their lengthened line in the street until a certain time, when they are admitted into one of the shops. With some consideration chairs are provided for them down one side of the room. As they sit solemnly in their dark-coloured clothes—probably a silent evidence of their mental state, if it is not a badge of mourning for hope deferred and expectation slain—they look for all the world like a disconsolate band of nigger minstrels who are for the moment appearing in the unaccustomed bravery of white faces.

WHEN WOMEN SERVE ON JURIES.

MR. B. (returning late from the club, and surprised to find his wife at home): "Why, Mary, I expected that your jury would be locked up over night."

"It did look like it, John. There were ten of the most obstinate men on it I ever met. They wouldn't listen to a word of reason."

"But you brought them over to your side at last?"

"Indeed we did. Mrs. Lilywhite had a fit of hysterics, and I think that convinced them how wrong they were."

LANDLADY (meeting Mr. Growler on the stairs): "Singing in the morning? Don't you know it's unlucky to sing before breakfast?"

MR. Growler: "It may be, but somehow I never feel like singing after breakfast."

SHE: "Do you think, dear, we shall be really and truly happy in our married life?"

HE: "How can we help it, darling, when I shall try so hard to be good to you? Why, it was only yesterday that I insured my life for £10,000 in your favour. Isn't that the best evidence that I am going to make you happy?"

THE position of Fighting Editor will not be vacant after all. A consolation prize of one guinea has, therefore, been forwarded to Mr. B. J. Tredaway, Byron House, Harrow Road, Harlesden, for the most satisfactory application. The reason he gives for his suitability for the post is that he is "a tram conductor and used to punching." Pencil-cases have also been sent to the following fifty persons:—

C. Williamson, 23, Black Street, Airdrie, Lanarkshire; M. MacEachen, 12, St. John Street, Coatbridge; S. Batchelor, 9, Kenilworth Road, Seacombe, Cheshire; C. Mann, 20, Mowbray Street, Heaton, Newcastle-on-Tyne; D. Elder, 7, St. Vincent Street, Edinburgh; T. Stanley, 30, Garton Street, Govanhill, Glasgow; F. Ebdon, 20, Hillingdon Street, Waltham; W. King, 25, High Street, Berkhamsted; P. A. Lewis, The Oaks, Bradmore, Wolverhampton; J. Bead, 23, Woburn Road, Bedford; J. W. Telford, 1, Penton House, Denton, Carlisle; F. Page, 23, The Hundred, Romsey, Hants; J. Elder, 7, St. Vincent Street, Edinburgh; R. J. Dolan, 29, Carlingford Road, Drumcondra, Dublin; J. Littlefield, 100, Royal Road, Kennington, London; 25, South Kinning Place, Glasgow; J. Cone, c/o, Anglo-American Oil Co., Ltd., L. and Y. Goods Yard, Barnsley; A. Morrison, 6, Stafford Road, Bristol; S. W. J. Croxson, 14, Egan Street, South Bermondsey; Thomas Walsh, 55, Hewitt Road, Harringay Park, N.; C. Hubbard, The Smith Premier Typewriter Co., 43, Ship Street, Brighton; T. J. Shaw, 119, Richmond Terrace, Glenny Road, Barking, Essex; P. Carter, 1, Matlock Villas, Williams Grove, Wood Green, N.; C. D. Stephen, 50, Claxton Street, New-castle-on-Tyne; R. King, 22, Bridge Street, Earlsfort, Lancs; H. Chandler, 5, Park Road, Wandsworth; P. Murphy, 18, Russell Place, Dublin; W. Cooper, 68, Alma Street, Falkirk; J. B. Barratt, 46, St. John's Road, Longsight, Manchester; T. Shelburn, Northgate, Pontefract; Mary McGachan, 18, Weir Street, Coatbridge; C. H. Cooper, 49, Bazley Road, Leeds; F. Bartlett, 58, Oxford Road, Islington, N.; W. Powell, 27, Shaftsbury Road, Southsea; H. McKellen, 5, Borwick Road, Millom, Cumberland; E. Adamson, Choppington, B.S.O.; Morpeth; A. Seymour, 55, Hampshire Street, Portsmouth; J. Clark, 8, Hugeloch Place, Edinburgh; H. Kellam, 173, Hornsey Park Road, Hornsey, N.; J. Burke, 3, De Burgh Street, Riverside, Cardiff; W. H. Hattersley, Alford, Northampton; C. O'Connell, 14, Sydenham Road, Sydenham, S.E.; W. N. Perkins, Long-Dutton, Lincs.; G. F. Saunders, 41, Clifton Place, Stapleford, Leics.; Mrs. Hiscott, 4, Clarence Road, New Gardens, Surrey; G. Clark, c/o, Kelly's Library, Shaftsbury Avenue, W.; Banks Hudson, auctioneer, Delph, Manchester; A. O. Barry, c/o, J. Ball, 123, Woodlands Road, Glasgow; J. B. Wood, 42, King George Street, Greenwich, S.E.; R. Oliver Jones, 5, North Street, Rhayader, Radnorshire.

NEW SERIAL STORY.

Briton or Boer?

A TALE OF THE FIGHT FOR AFRICA.

BY GEORGE GRIFFITH.

Author of "THE ANGEL OF THE REVOLUTION," "OLGA ROMANOFF," "VALDAR THE OFT-BOEN," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD PIFFARD.

SUMMARY.

On Independence Day, the 16th of December, 1896, President Kruger, at the Independence Gathering at Krugersdorp, makes a proclamation offering the franchise to all Outlanders who will renounce their allegiance to all countries but the Transvaal.

He then declares the abrogation of the Convention of 1894, and the absolute independence of the Transvaal. He concludes by tearing the Union Jack in two. The next day Major-General Carrington learns at Bulawayo that the wires have been cut and Rhodesia isolated from the rest of the world.

Simultaneously a Russian squadron is unexpectedly attacked and captured in Delagoa Bay by a British fleet of very superior force. The cables and telegraph stations are taken possession of, and a Russian spy is captured with dispatches and telegrams in his possession which disclose a vast conspiracy, the object of which is the destruction of British rule in South Africa. There have been dispatched in Pretoria by Prince Paul Regent and his daughter, who are secretly acting as Russian agents in the Transvaal. General Carrington finally crushes the Pretoria rebellion and marches south to meet the Boers, of whose designs he has been told by captured Dutch spies disguised as kaffirs.

The Boers are defeated in two engagements on the Pioneer Road and at Puri. The General then marches north on Bulawayo, which is now invested by a large force of Boers. The Boers, caught between his forces and the town, attempt to escape to the south, but are caught and stopped at Fig Tree Fort and forced to surrender. This happens on the 2nd of January—the anniversary of Jameson's surrender at Poonkop. Meanwhile, on the night of New Year's eve, news reaches Pretoria that the Outlanders of Johannesburg have revolted and that the native population is rising.

The President tells a deputation of the British residents of Johannesburg that they must become citizens of the Transvaal and fight for it or take the consequences. They have a week to decide in. At the end of that time they defy the Government and prepare for the worst. The kaffirs are let loose to provide an excuse for destroying the town, which is surrounded by batteries.

The British residents fight their way out to Elmdonfontein, where they capture and destroy after fighting out arm'd trains to carry the to the South. Meanwhile forces are landed from the fleet in Delagoa Bay to make an incursion into the Transvaal. They defeat the Boers at Kaapundien, and wreck a train bringing reinforcements by sending an engine to charge it.

Reinforcements are expected from Australia and Canada. The news comes that Sir Charles Warren, a man feared by the Boers more than 10,000 troops, is also to arrive. Three fighting trains, under the command of Commander Robertson, start for Heidelberg, where it seems certain the first big battle will be fought. An attack is made by Lieutenant Eloff, in command of a large body of cavalry.

CHAPTER XXV.

A PERILOUS PASSAGE.

Furious as he was at the failure of his mission, and completely mystified as to the means by which such a formidable and perfectly equipped force had sprung into existence in the very heart of the country, and taken possession of its most important railway, Captain Eloff nevertheless saw clearly that it would be madness for him to attempt to fight the armoured trains and the two bodies of horse with the few hundred men that were left to him, so he got them together as well as he could, and, putting himself at their head, with one desperate charge burst through Nesbitt's troop, and got clear away in the direction of Krugersdorp.

"It's a pity that chap got away," said Commander Robertson to Nesbitt, when he overtook the train and made his report, rather shamefacedly, although he had really done everything that could be expected of him, "still Eloff's a fine fellow, and, personally, I am not very sorry. That was a splendid charge, and he deserved it. And even if you could have stopped him it was better not. We've got all our work cut out at Heidelberg. I hope to God they haven't blown up that bridge across the Vaal. If they have, we shall have an awful job of it. Still we've done very well so far, and mustn't grumble. Ah! there go the guns again, come on, we must be getting ahead."

The reports of the guns in the distance which had drawn his last remark from Commander Robertson came from the advance train and "No. 1" which were already within striking distance of Heidelberg, and from "No. 2," close in their rear.

A very delicate and difficult piece of work had now to be carried out unless the whole expedition was to be overwhelmed in disaster. A few hundred yards below Heidelberg station a bridge crosses a tributary of the Vaal River. This bridge had to be taken and held at all costs. Meanwhile "No. 3" would be forced to wait until the horse had made its way across country, ridden round the town, and forded the river lower down. The two troops could not take machine-guns or artillery with them, as in that case they would not be able to move fast enough. It was necessary that they should be able to move with perfect freedom and the utmost rapidity, for it was known that there was a large Commando of some three or four thousand Boers with a detachment of the States Artillery stationed at Heidelberg, and therefore the two troops, if encumbered with artillery and ammunition-waggons, would inevitably be cut off by far superior forces before they reached the river. It was also absolutely essential that they should keep in touch with "No. 3," in order to have the support of the unmounted force and artillery.

It was therefore arranged during the brief consultation before the start that the train should run on at a moderate speed while the horse should make straight for the drift which crosses the river about four miles below the town to the eastward.

By the time they got there the other trains would be keeping the Boers busy and thus give them a chance of getting through the drift and gaining the safe side of the bridge.

"I'll do all I can to help you, boys," said Commander Robertson to the two captains, as he remounted the cab of "No. 3's" leading engine; "but you must depend mostly on yourselves. Don't fight if you can help it. Our business is to get through. We'll have fighting enough at the other end. You'll have a scrimmage at the drift, I dare say, so let the horses get their wind a bit before you reach it; then go for it with a rush. That's your only chance. So-long, now, and good luck to you!"

The two captains waved adieu to the train, the troopers cheered it as it moved off, and then at a sharp trot they headed away southward from the railway across the veld for the drift.

Running at the rate of about thirty miles an hour, half-an-hour's run had brought the advance-train within sight of Heidelberg. A single look ahead through his glasses showed Captain Mellish that Heidelberg was already in arms. The sound of the distant firing up the line had warned the Field Cornet in command that there was something wrong, and that battle was in the air. He saw that there was nothing for it but a rush, so with his own hand he pushed the lever over, and let all the steam at his command into the cylinders. The engine plunged forward, and the train rushed towards Heidelberg station at a speed that would have been utterly reckless under any other circumstances.

Looking out from the engine-cab he saw all the signals simultaneously set against him. Of course, he ignored them, and this told the Boers that, wherever it had come from, the train was a hostile one. He saw a swarm of men rush into the station, and others mounting in hot haste all over the town. Bugles rang out their warning notes, and instinct rather than knowledge told him that this was the signal for the artillery to turn out, most probably to shell the bridge.

But what concerned him more than all this during those few rapidly fleeting moments was the sight of a couple of gangs of kaffirs being hurried by white men down either side of the line towards the bridge. Their object was apparent at a glance, for they had pickaxes, shovels, hammers, and iron bars, and any sort of tool that they could pick up at the moment, in their hands.

Worse than this, too, a much larger gang of them was pushing a couple of trucks out of a siding on to the bridge. There was no time for thought; it was a moment in which instinct pure and simple reigned supreme. He shouted to his stokers to pile the coal into the furnace, and held on his way at a speed of something like fifty miles an hour.

As he thundered into the station he waved his hands to the men in command of the guns, but the unspoken order was needless. They knew what was expected, and just as the Boers in the station and about it sent their first volley at the fast-flying train, the harsh, thudding roar of the Maxims, and the deeper toned banging of the Gatlings rolled out, and the train swept on, vomiting flames and smoke and storms of bullets ahead and astern and on both sides of it.

The kaffirs who were pushing the trucks scattered like sheep, and ran yelling out of the way. The first of the trucks was half-way on the siding and half-way on the line as the buffer and cow-catcher of the engine struck it. The next moment it was smashed to matchwood, and the one behind it was flung a couple of yards off the metals. Simultaneously the gang of kaffirs which had been going towards the bridge scattered and vanished over the river banks. The train passed the bridge in safety, but pulled up about three-quarters of a mile lower down.

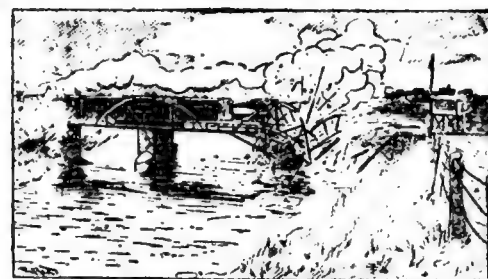
This was the beginning of one of the strangest fights recorded in the history of warfare. The two great, and, in fact, only dangers to be guarded against were: First, changing the points from the station, which it had not struck the Boers to do, and, second, the destruction of the bridge or displacements of the metals on it. Either would have resulted in utter disaster to the trains in the rear of the advance. Hence as each one approached the station, it did so preceded by incessant storms of machine-gun bullets.

When "No. 3," came up some fifteen minutes later, Commander Robertson halted it about eight hundred yards outside the station, and brought every gun he had and every rifle that had a man to fire it to bear on the station and the buildings immediately about it. A very few seconds of this sort of work sent every Boer who was able to get away under cover. "No. 1" and "No. 2" passed the bridge in comparative safety, although the bullet storm through which they had rushed had ended that journey and all others for many a one of their passengers. Then "No. 3" steamed slowly into the station, vomiting shot and shell and hailstorms of rifle-bullets as it advanced.

Just as it neared the bridge a shell burst in the riverbank, flinging up a cloud of dust and dirt. It had come from the higher part of the town, where a twelve-pounder Krupp field-piece had been got into action. This one had done no harm, but a second might strike the platform of the bridge and break it up, or so far dislodge the bridge as to make it impossible for the train to pass without plunging into the river.

"Let her go, Jackson—all the steam you've got; throw her right open. It's over or into it now. Let her go!" As Commander Robertson shouted this to his engine-driver through the roaring of the guns, the hissing of the steam, and the rumble of the wheels, the fire from the town, which had slackened for a moment as the Boers ran

driver through the roaring of the guns, the hissing of the steam, and the rumble of the wheels, the fire from the town, which had slackened for a moment as the Boers ran



for cover, burst out again with redoubled fury. A detachment of the States Artillery, which had got the first field-gun into action, had now run out two more seven-pounders and a three-pounder Maxim-Nordenfolt, and the concentrated fire of the four guns rained upon the bridge as the train made its dash for it.

Every man and woman on the trucks and in the carriages held his or her breath as the decisive moment approached. Gradually the engine gathered speed and rushed forward ever faster and faster either to safety on the other side of the bridge or utter ruin in the river-bed. The bridge seemed ablaze with the flashing of the bursting shells and several of the timbers of the bed were alight. Still, to stop was to risk a fate as bad as could befall even if the bridge were to give way, and so Commander Robertson kept the lever over, and the engine thundered on with its living freight behind it.

When it reached the river-bank it was travelling at nearly forty miles an hour, and at that rate it does not take long to traverse a few hundred feet. Yet, brief as the time was, it was almost too long, for even while the last of the trucks with its load of guns and ammunition was in the middle of the bridge, three shells burst almost simultaneously under the pier next to the station. If it had been the pier at the other end, the train would never have got over. As it was, rapidly and all as it was moving, it had barely cleared the bridge before the wrecked pier collapsed, and about a fourth of the structure tumbled bodily into the river.

"A jolly narrow squeak that, Jackson! I don't suppose you'll ever want to be in a tighter place," said Commander Robertson to his engine-driver as the train sped on out of the range of the guns, leaving the ruined bridge behind it.

"No, sir, that's about as close as I want anything. A couple of seconds more would have done it—and wouldn't it just have been a smash! But I suppose that's about the last of it, isn't it? We have only got Terblans and Standerton to run through before we come to Volksrust, and we shall be there before any news can get down the line in front of us."

"Yes, that's about it," replied the leader of the forlorn hope which had thus far gone so prosperously. "But still, we may as well make sure of it. I dare say Mellish has got the wires down ahead of us, there, but we had better give no chances. Pull up and we'll have one of these posts down."

As soon as the train was brought to a standstill a rope was passed round one of the iron telegraph posts, and made fast to the engine. Then the engine made a spurt and the post bent and snapped. The wires were cut and the ends hitched on to the rear of the train. Then speed was got up again, and in a few minutes a couple of miles of posts and wires were dragged down and hopelessly entangled.

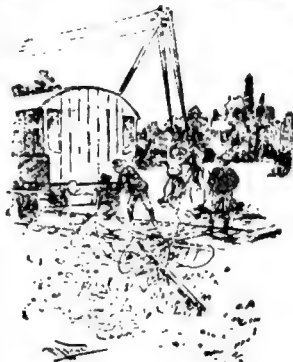
"I reckon they won't send any messages down this line for a few weeks to come," said Commander Robertson, when he had given the order for the wires to be cast off. "Now, if Mellish only keeps his eyes open, the others ought to be able to run straight through without much hindrance to the border, and then," he went on, "we shall have a chance of fighting another battle of Majuba. I wonder how Nesbitt and Maclure are getting on in the rear. We mustn't leave them without any supports."

"Pull up at the next siding, Jackson, and we'll split the train. The Netherlands engine must take the passengers and join the other trains. They are quite far enough out of harm's way now. Then we'll run back with the guns to Heidelberg, and keep the boggars busy till the horse can get round through the drift and join us. They ought to be pretty near to it by this time."

As has been said in an earlier chapter, there is nothing that the Boers hate and fear more than novelty either in peace or war. This was the first railway fight they had ever seen or even heard of, and when they saw the armoured trains come rushing through the town and the station, scattering a hurricane of shot and shell and bullets on all sides of them, it is only the simple truth to say that they were absolutely panic-stricken.

No one in Heidelberg had the remotest idea of what had happened in the North, or where these novel incarnations of destruction on wheels had come from. They telegraphed wild inquiries up and down the line, but, of course, no answers came back. A hurried council of war was held, at which opinions were hopelessly divided, and the most extravagant suggestions advanced.

Orders had been received only the day before from head-



quarters to move down on Standerton that day with all the men, horses, and guns with the exception of a garrison of three hundred men, and empty trains would even then be on their way to convey them. At Standerton the forces of all the Southern districts were concentrating for an immediate advance on Volksrust, the frontier station, from whence the march into Natal, over the old battle-grounds of '81, was to be commenced.

How were the orders to be obeyed now that the bridge was down, and how were they to outstrip those terrible trains which would no doubt be doing the same thing at Standerton as they had done at Heidelberg before they could be ten miles on the road to the South? In the midst of a noisy and fruitless discussion of such questions as these the council of war was put a sudden stop to by the news that one of the trains had returned and was about to open fire on the town, and almost immediately after this came a second report that a large body of horse had been sighted to the south-east heading for the drifts on the old transport road.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE LAST RUSH FOR FREEDOM.

COMMANDER ROBERTSON, knowing that everything depended on rapidity of action, lost no time in getting to work. He had got rid of his passengers now and his train was a fighting one pure and simple, armoured from end to end, and filled with guns, ammunition, and armed men. Hence he could afford to take risks which he would not have been justified in entering upon with several hundred women and children under his charge.

He pulled his train up about six hundred yards from the ruined bridge, on a curve which enabled him to present only the rear end of it to the artillery fire of the enemy. Then he trained his two seven-pounders and the three-pounder Maxim-Nordenfolt on to the "plain" or open space in which the guns of the States Artillery could be seen. He had about eight hundred men packed into his trucks, all armed with Lee-Metford magazine rifles. These he disembarked and sent down to the river on either side of the line with orders to open and keep up an incessant fire on the town and the station as soon as the first shell was fired from the seven-pounders.



His object was, of course, to keep the Boers in the town so busily engaged that they would have neither heart nor leisure to oppose with any considerable force the passage of the Johannesburg Horse through the drift.

His strategy was perfectly successful. The quick-firing Maxim-Nordenfolt dropped its three-pound mellite shells so truly and so rapidly about the guns in the plain that their carriages were shattered to bits before the artillerists could get them away. Meanwhile, the seven-pounder shells kept bursting here and there and everywhere about the town, and the moment any considerable number of Boers gathered in the streets or ventured out to take a position along the opposite river-bank, the Maxim spoke and a brief storm of bullets decimated and dispersed them.

Within ten minutes the town was practically at his mercy. Saving for the fiasco of Doornkop, the Boers had never had to face machine-gun fire before, and a very little of it went a long way with them. Two or three times the streets that were open to the line of fire were swept, and then they went into the houses and contented themselves from shooting from such windows as looked out towards the train.

As soon as he saw that this was the case, Commander Robertson detached three hundred men and sent them down to the drift to assist the passage of the horse. He also got out a light Maxim, which had not been mounted, and which four men could easily carry with its tripod-stand, and sent it down with a score of boxes of ammunition. About a thousand of the Boers had ridden out on the other side of the town with the object of cutting the Johannesburgers off from the drift, but so much time had been wasted in panic and divided councils that the two troops were already within half a mile of the drift and the three hundred riflemen and the Maxim were in position before they could strike an effective blow.

As they rode out of the town in a fairly dense body the Maxim got on to them at two thousand yards, and the moment the range was found a brief torrent of bullets was poured into the midst of them. When the Maxim stopped Captains Nesbitt and MacLure took the hint, poured in a volley, and charged in two divisions.

The Boers, believing, not without reason, that they had ridden into a trap, scattered like sheep, and made the best of their way back into the town, followed by a second volley from the rifles, and another brief tornado from the Maxim. Then the two troops drew up again and rode laughing and cheering into the water, and cleared the drift without losing a man or a horse.

The Maxim was picked up, and horse and foot started at a run and a trot for the train. The other squad of rifle-



men was recalled by a whistle from the engine, and the disgusted and discomfited Boers had the satisfaction of seeing their strange and terrible assailants disappear round the curve on their way to do no one knew what damage in the South.

Commandant Meyer stamped and stormed with rage, but it was impossible to do anything until more guns could be brought down. Even if he could have persuaded his thoroughly demoralised men to cross the river and pursue the train on horseback the only result would have been destruction, for without cover on the open veld they would never have got within half a mile of the muzzles of the machine-guns, so all he could do was to send mounted messengers to the North to convey the tidings of swift and incomprehensible disaster, and await further orders and reinforcements of artillery from headquarters.

By nightfall the train and the two troops of horses reached Terblans without further adventure. They found the town and station already in possession of "No. 1" and "No. 2," and, to the Commander's great delight, they also found on the sidings the two empty trains of trucks which had been sent up from Standerton to bring down the men and guns from Heidelberg. As rapidly as it could be done the wearied horses and men of the two troops were put into the trucks, after the former had been watered and fed as well as the resources of the temporarily captured town would allow.

While this was being done a council of war had been held and a very pretty little scheme for outwitting the enemy at Standerton had been evolved. Considering the large number of Boers concentrated there and the fact that the Vaal River is crossed to the south of the town by a long bridge which could be very easily blown up before the now lengthy procession of trains could get over, it was decided to risk everything on the success of a single stratagem.

Given that the line was clear, the bridge intact, and the Boer commanders unsuspecting, it would be possible to rush the station and cross the bridge before the trick was discovered. Consequently a telegram was dispatched in Dutch to Colonel and Commandant Lukas Meyer, brother of the Commandant at Heidelberg, as though it had come from him at that station:

"Imperative orders received from Commandant-General, Pretoria, to proceed at once with all speed to frontier. Large numbers of English troops landed at Durban and coming up to Charlestown. Obeying these orders, I shall pass through Standerton to Volksrust without stopping, taking all available men and guns with me. Please have line clear, that there may be no interruption. Am ordered to ask you to follow as soon as possible to join in general attack on Charlestown to-morrow."

Meanwhile the engines were taking in water and coal, and everything was being got ready for the last rush of the strange journey, and as each train was ready, it moved out of the station in the same order as before. The telegraph office, of course, had been already seized, but as a further precaution, the wires were pulled down before "No. 3" left to bring up the rear.

It is about forty miles by rail from Terblans to Standerton, and a little over eighty to Volksrust. The iron horses were kept well in hand until the lights of Standerton station, which lies at some little distance above the town, were sighted across the wide, open grass-veld.

To the delight of the commander, the green lights said "all clear," the stratagem had worked so far. Three short, sharp whistles gave the signal "full speed" to the other engine-drivers; the trains quickened up one after the other, and, with about two hundred yards interval between each of them, rushed down the slight incline at a speed which soon reached nearly fifty miles an hour.

Meanwhile two men on the rear truck of "No. 3" were busily fitting detonators and fuses to two twelve-pound boxes of dynamite. As the advance-train rushed, with its whistle screaming, through the station, those on board it saw the platform crowded with people, who raised a hoarse cheer as they passed. It vanished into the darkness beyond. Another and another and another rushed after it, and then came "No. 3." As the rear truck reached the end of the bridge the boxes of dynamite, which were now hanging over the end of the truck by ropes, with fuses already lighted, were let go.

"No. 3" vanished after the rest. All had passed, as it were, in the twinkling of an eye. The Boers had stood and watched the six trains roar through the station without the remotest suspicion of the truth. It was too dark and the speed was too great for them to see anything more than that the trains were composite and that some of them were armed and loaded with men and horses.

But as the roar of their wheels was dying away in the distance they saw two brilliant flashes of flame blaze out in the middle of the bridge. At the same instant there came the crash of an explosion which convulsed the atmosphere about them, and smashed every window in the station. They saw the dim shape of the bridge twist up and collapse, apparently just in its centre, and when some of them ran out into the darkness to see what had happened, they found only a contorted mass of rent and twisted rails and girders, and a wide, black gap, under which the yellow waters of the rain-swollen Vaal were roaring and surging in an impassable torrent.

Then it began to dawn upon them that something very strange had happened, and that some incomprehensible



disaster had befallen them. Commandant Meyer, half beside himself with rage and bewilderment, telegraphed to his brother at Heidelberg, and then flashed a warning down to Volksrust, but, of course, no answer came back, for by that time the wires were already down in both directions.

By a strange coincidence, the events which have just been narrated took place on the day and night of the 2nd of January, that is to say, on the anniversary of Doornkop, and simultaneously with the rout of Commandant Cronje's men at Bulawayo, and his surrender to General Carrington's column at Figtree Fort, on the road to the Mangwe Pass. It was shortly after sundown on the same memorable day that a mounted messenger from Bulawayo overtook the column, and handed the general a lengthy telegram from Salisbury, conveying the startling but welcome information that communication with Chimoyo had been suddenly restored, and that His Majesty's ships *Edgar* and *Grafton*, conveying the two big Bucknall liners, *Johannesburg* and *Fort Salisbury*, filled with Imperial troops and stores had arrived at Beira from Delagoa Bay.

The Imperial troops, including a battalion of the Leicestershire Regiment under Captain Pearson, four companies of Mounted Infantry, and a detachment of the York and Lancaster Regiment under Colonel Alderson, with a strong naval brigade with light artillery, machine guns, and ample stores, had been landed, and would push on to Umali with all practicable speed, and would march from thence on Bulawayo or Fort Victoria, as might be found most advisable, after receipt of advice from him. Then followed a succinct account of what had happened in Delagoa Bay, and the telegram concluded with the hope that the Matabili campaign would be concluded by the time the two columns joined hands and started southward to attack the Boers.

The delight that this good news awoke in the breast of every Loyalist who had been fighting so well and so long for the honour of the Flag in Rhodesia, may be easily imagined, and great were the rejoicings that night all along the road from Bulawayo to Mangwe.

General Carrington at once dictated a reply to the dispatch, requesting that the troops should proceed direct to Bulawayo. The railway from Mafeking had been completed as far as Palapye, and ample supplies for the rainy season had been got up before the wires were cut, so there had been abundance of food in the North for a month past. Hence there need be no fears of scarcity even when the other column arrived.

The General and his assistant officers made their dispositions for the next campaign with their usual decision and dispatch. All the serviceable horses that the Boer prisoners had left were promptly appropriated. So many as were wanted were taken as remounts for the troops, and the rest were sent on up the road to Gwelo to meet the coming column and help it along.

Commandant Cronje and his men were sent off well guarded to the South, and, to their intense disgust, were set to work, some as bullock drivers and transport-riders, and others as labourers on the line. It was, of course, impossible to send them back into the Transvaal, and it was equally unreasonable to allow them to eat their heads off in idleness. When Commandant Cronje protested against the indignity, he was curtly reminded of the fact that he had made his prisoners at Potchefstroom work in the trenches after he knew that an armistice had been concluded, and that hostilities were at an end.

The greater part of the column then moved southward, and within a week they had reached Palapye, where General Carrington formed an entrenched camp, in which he had decided to await the arrival of the column from the North before resuming the offensive, and either striking straight at the Transvaal through Fort Elebi, or moving down in force on Mafeking to retake the railway, and join hands with the Cape Colonial forces.

(To be continued.)

A MANCHESTER man went into a trance the other day, and did not come out of it until the gas-collector went away.

THE trouble with a young fellow in love is that he imagines everybody else is in love with the girl too; while if the truth were known, no one but himself ever looks at her.

"OI have a joke on Houghlighan. There was a felly kem into his place an' took three drinks av his whisky in rapid secession, an' thin pulled a gun an' shot himself."

Grogan: "OI think th' joke is on the man. Fwat for did he go to the trouble av usin' a gun after three drinks of Houghlighan's whisky?"

FOR articles suitable for publication in P.W. of any length, and for short stories of not more than 2,500 words, we pay at the rate of £2 2s. a column, which is a higher price than is paid by any other paper of the kind in the world. As an additional inducement to authors to give us the refusal of their work, we offer a bonus of £10, which will be paid to the author of the contribution considered to be the most interesting sent in between Oct. 3 and 31. This offer will be repeated from month to month. A really interesting article of 500 words, or half a column, for instance, may thus bring to the writer the sum of £11 1s.

FICTION.

Before the Cadi.—A series of feminine shrieks was heard, and a woman, whose hair was streaming down her back and the rouge on whose cheeks was streaked with tear marks, threw herself at the Cadi's feet.

"What ails you, woman?" exclaimed the Cadi. "And why don't you buy waterproof paint?"

"I can't afford it, because I spend all my money for theatre tickets. But, your highness, I come here for justice against a man who hath wronged me. The son of Shitan hath seized my head-dress, for which I paid thirty-six shekels only yesterday, and hath torn it into a thousand bits."

"Who is the dog that hath done this, and where did he do it? Speak, woman! Allah Kebur—justice shall be done."

"It was at the theatre, oh, fountain of all wisdom! I do not belong to good society and have no other place to display my fine raiment, so I wore my new head-dress. Behind me sat a kaffir, who asked me to remove my head-dress so that he might better see the play. Why should I? I had paid for my seat and my head-dress, and I had a right to sit in the one and wear the other. So I simply turned round and stared at the son of a slave. For a long time he twisted and fidgeted and dodged from side to side, and then, rising up, seized my head-dress, tore it to pieces, and walked out of the theatre."

"Mustapha," asked the Cadi, "did you ever see this woman before?"

"Yes, your sublime perspicuity; I once sat behind her at the theatre."

"And for what reason do you suppose the slave destroyed her headgear?"

"Because he had the nerve, your highness. I would have done the same thing if I had not feared your highness might order me to the bowstring."

"What punishment would you suggest for the man then, good Mustapha?"

"If it please your sublime justness, I think a monument in the public square and a life pension would be about the proper thing."

"And the woman?"

"Let her be confined for life in a cell with the windows just above the top of her head, so that she can never see anything but stone walls."

"Walkh thail! It is well said. Let it forthwith be done."

Learning the Trombone.—Of all the various brass instruments which have been devised by musical or malevolent ingenuity, there is none which in its capacity for inflicting both torture and delight is comparable to the trombone. Those who have heard the trombone only when played by a master never fail to be surprised at its unique beauty of tone and its wonderful singing powers.

It so happens that a true trombone virtuoso is a rarity. Indeed, there are probably not more than two persons now in this country who are capable of playing the trombone as it should be played. Hence the great majority of mankind live and die in ignorance of the real merits of the trombone, and whoever hears it well played straightway wonders why it is that so superb an instrument is apparently so neglected by musicians. This is a question which has never been thoroughly examined, and it is full time that a satisfactory answer to it should be found.

The history of trombone-playing in this country is a sad and suggestive one. In 1817, one Elias Brewster, of Bootle, announced his intention of learning the trombone, and began to practice. Long before he had learned the seven positions of the slide he was found dead in his front hall, with his instrument lying much battered beside him. A coroner's jury found that he died of apoplexy, and after the funeral his ruined trombone was sold as old metal. Two years later another man, one G. L. Plunkett, undertook to master the trombone. Three weeks after he had sounded his first note he was found dead in his room, with the trombone slide inserted in his mouth, thereby horribly distending his jaws. The verdict in his case was suicide, though at this distance of time the facts do not seem to admit of any such interpretation.

These occurrences put an end to trombone playing in Lancashire. It was, however, attempted in various other parts of the country. In 1832, Henry Shooks, of Tooting, tried to learn the trombone, but died so suddenly that the coroner's jury found that he had poisoned himself. Perhaps he did, but why did he first smash his instrument and imbue it in the blood of the back of the head? In 1837, 1841, and 1849, three other men, named respectively Abrahams, Palmer, and Smith, died in this city in the earlier stages of trombone playing, and in each case their trombones were irretrievably smashed at or about the time of death.

In Durham, a man who had a trombone sent him was taken out by his neighbours and hung on a tree. This man was charged with wife murder, but it was not discovered until after the hanging that he was not married. There are men now living—the affair occurred in 1850—who saw the man's body hanging, and who distinctly remember that over his head was jammed the bell of a trombone.

Not to mention any more cases in detail, it may be summarily remarked that of the eighteen men who have lived to learn the trombone in this country, seventeen died suddenly, and one totally disappeared. It is evident, therefore, that the man who tries to learn the trombone in a civilised community takes his life in his hands and blows himself into a sudden and useful grave.

We thus see why a trombone soloist is so exceedingly rare. The appalling and intolerable sound produced by a raw hand on the trombone infuriates the public to such a pitch that the unfortunate student suddenly dies. If we combine the yell of the midnight cat, the tearing of a carpet, and the blast of a hoarse steam whistle, we shall yet fall far short of the awful utterances of a trombone in the hands of a beginner. Flesh and blood cannot stand it. The Bootle contemporaries of Elias Brewster were law-abiding men, but when they heard the noise of his trombone, they rose up with one accord and said: "This man is going to die of apoplexy." The people who hanged the Durham trombonist were his friends and neighbours, but half-a-dozen blasts upon his instrument convinced them that he had systematically murdered his wife from his very cradle.

But it may be asked, where have the few trombone virtuosos now before the public gained their skill? The answer may be suggested by another question. How is it that South Africa has grown so rapidly, and why have the natives so steadily fallen back into the interior? In point of fact, South Africa has been colonised at the mouth of the trombone.

The Government has encouraged trombone players to emigrate, and has supplied them with trombones on condition that they would reside on the frontier. It is the blow of the trombone which has driven Bushmen, and Hottentots, and Kaffirs howling into the wilderness.

Unfortunately, the mortality among the trombone-players has been very great; but three of them who have survived the rear of their companions' instruments have returned to England accomplished artists.

There is little doubt, from what has actually been done in South Africa, that the trombone would be a most efficient aid to the exploration of that country. Had Stanley tried to learn the trombone while descending the Congo, he would have found no natives to fight, but would have marched through a country deserted by its inhabitants, who would have fled from him as a new kind of demon of appalling hideousness. However this may be, Central Africa is clearly the place designed by nature for students of the trombone. There alone can they practise in safety, and there alone will their brazen discords aid the march of civilisation.

"WHAT was it that broke up the firm?"

"The two type-writer girls took to quarrelling, and the partners took sides."

MR. HUGGINS: "What do you think of the latest medical dictum that kissing is unhealthy?"

MR. HUNKER: "It is quite true. Mr. Munney caught me kissing his daughter, and I was laid up for a whole week."

SHE: "Do you think there is any reason why a young lady should not ride a bicycle as well as drive a horse?"

HE: "Not at all. It's just as easy to dodge a bicycle as a carriage."

COAL DEALER (anxiously): "Hold on! That load hasn't been weighed. It looks to me rather large for a ton."

DRIVER: "Tain't intended for a ton. It's two tons."

DEALER: "Beg pardon! Go ahead."

SOMETHING LIKE BUSINESS TACT.—"You seem to have a higher opinion of Smailes' business abilities than you used to?"

"Yes; confound it! Those old hens of mine began to lay just as soon as he bought them from me."

THE following is told of a gravedigger in a town in the north of Scotland: One day, when "gathering in" the remains of an aged parishioner, he observed some women weeping by the graveside. Turning round he sharply demanded of them: "What are you greetin' for? If ye dinna bring 'em at eighty, when wad ye bring 'em?"

TWO important articles will appear in *Pearson's Weekly* published on Saturday, October 24th, and Saturday, October 31st, entitled:

How to Succeed as a Singer.

THE FIRST STAGE,
BY
MADAME NELLIE MELBA.

THE SECOND STAGE,
BY
MADAME EMMA CALVÉ.

FACTS.

CALIFORNIA has women tramps.

A POUND of phosphorus heads 1,000,000 matches.

DURING a storm in France the lightning struck a pond twelve feet deep and killed all the fish in it.

EVERY London omnibus earns on an average 44s. a day for hire, and 1s. a day for advertisements.

PEACH-STONES find a ready market in New York. Perfumes, flavouring extracts, and prussic acid are distilled from them.

ON some parts of the coast of France, when the wind is in the east, the mist that appears bears with it a very noticeable perfume.

THERE are two places in London where clergymen can buy sermons printed. They cover all subjects, and can be had for every season.

THE wives of Siamese noblemen cut their hair so that it sticks straight up from their heads. The average length of it is about an inch and a half.

The newest fad in autograph books is one of cooking recipes. Each formula written in the book has the signature of the contributing friend under it.

IN South Greenland the colour of the hair-ribbon which a woman ties round her head denotes the social condition of the wearer—whether she be maid, or wife, or widow.

A NEW YORK restaurant uses an electrically heated plate to keep one's food warm. So long as the current is turned on, you can dine in as leisurely a way as you like. There is no danger of receiving a shock from touching the plate.

THERE are some 60,000 costermongers who carry on business in the streets of London. Their capital is supposed to be £50,000, whilst they are said to do a trade during the year of three millions. The profits of this turnover are about a million.

THE English walnut is said to be the most profitable of all nut-bearing trees. When in full bearing they will yield about 300 pounds of nuts to the tree. The nuts sell on an average at about 4d. per pound. If only twenty-seven trees are planted on an acre, the income would be about £135 per acre.

IN America, outside some confectionery shops, gardens, bicycle repair shops, and other buildings, especially in those roads which are mostly frequented by bicycle riders, rests, sometimes of wood, sometimes of iron, but always so adjusted as to enable a bicycle to be held firmly in position, are making their appearance.

IN the heart of a large pine tree in America three and a half feet in diameter, a knife was found that was about a foot long, and one and a half inches wide. The age of the tree is estimated by good judges to be over two hundred years, and the knife was buried in it when the tree was in its infancy, for it is quite near the heart and only about six feet from the base.

AFTER the guests bidden to a garden-party given by the Queen have withdrawn, the police, with a staff of beaters, go carefully through the grounds, examining the interior of the marquees and scrutinising nooks and retreats in search of lost jewels. Everything that is found in the way of trinkets, sticks, lace handkerchiefs, and love-letters is forwarded to the Lord Chamberlain's office.

STAFFORD is celebrated for a peculiar style of knot, known as the "Staffordshire knot." Queen Elizabeth is said to have promised his life to a prisoner lying under sentence of death in the old castle if he could devise a knot that would hang three men at once. The reward sharpened his wits, and he accomplished the invention of a triple knot, simple enough, yet into which three men's necks could be inserted separately.

It may not be known to the general reader that a rifle-ball deflected from its course immediately resumes its line of flight after rimming the object it is unable to pass through. That is to say, a ball turned from its course by a rib passes under the skin until it reaches a point mathematically opposite to the point where it entered the soldier's body, and then passes out, resuming its exact line of flight if enough of its initial velocity remains.

MORE than six thousand species of plants are cultivated, and most of these have been broken up into varied forms by the hand of man. Some species have produced thousands of distinct forms, and the methods of production of many of them are on record. The horticulturists, in fine, create new species and show numbers of cultivated plants of which no one knows the original form, because the ones with which we are acquainted are so unlike the type that they can never be connected.

I hereby certify that the premium in respect of PEARSON'S WEEKLY £2,000 RAILWAY INSURANCE has been paid up to November 25th, 1896, and that therefore every purchaser of PEARSON'S WEEKLY is insured with this Company against Fatal Railway Accident to the extent of TWO THOUSAND POUNDS, under the conditions named in the coupon on page 231.

General Manager for the
Ocean Accident and
Guarantee Corporation
Ltd.

Handwritten signature

Those who write should bear in mind that besides our ordinary rate of £2 2s. a column, a special bonus of £10 is offered to the writer of the most interesting article that appears in *P.W.* each month.

PEOPLE OF IMPORTANCE.

THE Emperor of Russia is not fond of outdoor sports.

HERR KRUPP, the well-known gun manufacturer, is exceedingly suspicious, and has dismissed all foreign workmen and officials from his employ through the fear of the betrayal of secrets to foreign governments.

"MAXWELL GREY," the author of "The Silence of Dean Maitland," is a lady who is known in private life as Miss Jeltrett. At the present time she is living at Richmond, where her bath-chair is a familiar sight.

ACCORDING to Mr. Melton Prior, the famous war correspondent, who has just returned from South Africa, Dr. Jameson is still the most popular man in Rhodesia. In the same way, "Barney" Barnato is the most popular man in the Transvaal.

HIS admirers call Mr. Bryan "The Boy Orator of Nevada." He is also known as "The Orator of the Platte." There is a scathing appositeness in this latter suggestion to the Presidential candidate's long-winded and invariably shallow oratorical effusions. The Platte is over two thousand eight hundred miles long, and in places is scarcely more than six inches deep.

MR. STANLEY, the famous African explorer, is not a good speaker. The resolute face, the sturdy bullet-head, the well-braced shoulders, suggest a big and resonant voice. But Stanley, when he speaks, is often inaudible. His voice is singularly quiet and unobtrusive; his tone soft and gentle. He pointedly avoids anything approaching elocutionary display.

DR. CONAN DOYLE is a remarkable worker. Most of his time really seems to be given up to the healthy enjoyment of life. He seems, however, to be able economically to combine work with play. For instance, one may see him engaged in a vigorous game of cricket in the early afternoon, and the cricket may be followed by a brisk country walk with a friend. Returning from the walk, Dr. Doyle will say to the friend, "We dine at eight o'clock. Perhaps, you would like to take a stroll round the garden before dressing, while I go upstairs." And he retires, presumably to enjoy a rest. After dinner he may make some such quiet remark as this to his friend, "By-the-way, a rather happy idea occurred to me during our walk this afternoon." Hereupon he gives the outline of a very fine plot. "What a capital idea for a short story!" exclaims the friend. "So I thought," remarks the novelist. "Well, will you do it?" "Oh, I've done it," comes Dr. Doyle's calm reply. "I wrote the story while you were walking in the garden."

MISS MATHILDE BLIND has sometimes been called "the English Heine." Daughter of Karl Blind, the well-known Socialist and scientist, she was for many years the beloved pupil and adopted child of Mazzini; he taught her Greek and Latin, and instilled into her a strong love of liberty. Mathilde Blind was little more than a child when she published her first book of verses; since that time she has written constantly, but her greatest success was made by her translation of the "Journal of Marie Bashkirtseff." She is an intimate friend of the mother of the strange Russian artist who sprang into such sudden fame on the publication of her posthumous diary. Miss Blind's charming parlour study is lined with portraits of the unhappy Marie, and she possesses many letters and other interesting relics which at one time or other belonged to her subject. Speaking French and Italian as well as German, she spends much of the year on the Continent, and has lately been to Egypt in search of material for a new book. Miss Mathilde Blind has a keen, sensitive face, her mass of wavy hair is drawn off her forehead and done up in a single knot on the nape of her neck. She dresses with exceptional care and good taste, and was one of the first to adopt an æsthetic and hygienic form of costume long before picturesque-ness came into fashion.

FRANK IVES, the well-known champion billiard player of America, has made one of the strangest wills on record. Ives can strike a billiard ball with a cue harder than any man in the world. Corbett, Fitzsimmons, Sandow, and other athletes and strong men have competed with him, but he has not been beaten yet. One quick, sharp blow with his cue and the ball flies round the table, striking eleven cushions. Fitzsimmons, who strikes a blow that has been compared to a horse's kick, can barely touch nine cushions, while Corbett, whose blows are equally unpleasant, cannot strike more than eight. There is no trick in Ives' method of hitting the ball; he merely strikes it squarely in the centre. Men who are in every way superior to him in strength, if shown exactly where to hit the ball, and if they strike it with all the force they possess, cannot come within a dozen feet of his record. He has consulted eminent physicians on the subject, but they gave him little satisfaction, except to say that his profession had led to the development of muscles which prize-fighters and strong men do not use. As Ives cannot settle the question to his own satisfaction he has taken steps to enlighten others after his death. In his will, after disposing of his property—£60,000—he orders that his right arm be severed from his body and sent to his physician for dissection. The real secret, he thinks, will then be discovered. The rest of his body he desires to be cremated.

WHY CHEAP HATS ARE EXPENSIVE.

MRS. SWIFTLY: "I'm making all my hats myself to save money."

MR. SWIFTLY (much pleased): "Indeed."

MRS. SWIFTLY: "Yes; this one I have on only cost me sixpence three-farthings."

MR. SWIFTLY: "Well, I declare!"

MRS. SWIFTLY: "And I put all the trimming on myself."

MR. SWIFTLY: "Where did you get the trimming?"

MRS. SWIFTLY: "At Dreighood's. I got it for four guineas."

THE TRADE IN SACRIFICES.

A BENT and crippled man about fifty-five years old, who may be seen in the Strand almost any day, has a business peculiarly his own. He makes the rounds of the City missions, and Salvation Army barracks, where religious revivals are constantly carried on, and purchases the contributions of watches, rings, and other jewellery which enthusiasts make in response to appeals for aid for the Christian cause.

It is no uncommon thing for converts to strip their fingers of rings and drop the trinkets into the contribution box. Women do this more frequently than men. Diamond ear-drops and jewelled lace pins are also contributed. Watches are the donations of male enthusiasts.

These contributions were something of a nuisance to the missions, for it was hard to find a market for them until this crippled genius entered the field.

THREE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-FIVE POUNDS A LINE.

JAMES SMITH, one of the authors of the celebrated "Rejected Addresses," was better paid for a trifling exertion of his versatile muse than any poet since the world began. One day he met the late Mr. Strachan, the King's printer, at a dinner party, and found him suffering from gout and old age, though his intellectual faculties remained unimpaired. The next morning he transmitted to him the following *jeu d'esprit*:

Your lower limbs seemed far from stout
When last I saw you walk;
The cause I presently found out
When you began to talk.
The power that props the body's length,
In due proportion spread,
In you mounts upwards, and the strength
All settles in the head.

This compliment proved so highly acceptable to the old gentleman that he made an immediate codicil to his will, by which he bequeathed to the writer the sum of three thousand pounds, being at the rate of three hundred and seventy-five pounds sterling for each line.

LEGAL AND LUCRATIVE HOUSE-BREAKING.

A HOUSEBREAKER is not necessarily an evildoer nowadays. The card of the gentleman who enters into contracts to pull down and clear away decayed houses more often than not bears that awe-inspiring word. In that sense of the term, indeed, "housebreaking" has become quite a business by itself, and, it is interesting to note, those who engage in it not infrequently find it vastly more lucrative than they anticipated. In other words, these old buildings occasionally yield up to the destroyer, over and above the pile of bricks and plaster, morsels of treasure of the existence of which no one has dreamed.

Not long ago, for instance, an old house in South London was being rased. In the thickness of a dividing wall the workmen discovered a staircase and a narrow passage leading underground to a disused well. Quite a sensation was created by the further discovery of a box crammed with mouldy coins, crucifixes, and trinkets galore. How this rich deposit came there remains a mystery; but the housebreaker's share of the booty constituted a very snug prize.

When an old Elizabethan mansion, standing near Finsbury Park a year or two back, was undergoing the process of demolition, there was discovered what, years ago, would doubtless have proved the key to some startling mystery of the period. This was a small room, the existence of which the last occupants of the house had never suspected. It had been built between one of the top chambers and the sloping roof, and access had presumably been gained by a ladder leading up through a trap-door which someone had nailed fast and painted over. Possibly it had served as a hayloft or a store-room. Whether or not, it was now a charnel house.

A human skeleton was found stretched on the boards, and close by it lay a leathern satchel full of guineas, together with a few other articles of more or less value. The "find" was a somewhat ghastly and disturbing one, but it had its redeeming points so far as the housebreaker's pockets were concerned.

NEW AND STRANGE.

Under the above heading we publish accounts of new and curious inventions and discoveries. Should any readers have something exceptional of the kind which they would like to communicate to the world at large, we shall be very glad if they will make this the medium for doing so. NO CHARGE WHATSOEVER IS MADE.

If any reader of PEARSON'S WEEKLY wishes to communicate with an expert regarding an idea for a patent let him write to the editor of this paper, marking the envelope PATENT. The letter will be handed to a gentleman well known in connection with patents, who will put himself in communication with its sender.

A FRENCH peasant has constructed a wooden bicycle of which even the nails are made of wood.

A BALL-BEARING has now been applied to the mounting of eye-glasses and spectacles, preventing the rigid contact of glass and metal, and rendering them less liable to fracture.

A NEW bicycle tyre has been invented in which feathers are used. It is contended that when a puncture occurs the first tendency is for the down to be carried up into the puncture by the pressure of the air within.

A GERMAN has taken out a patent for glass tiles to be used for every kind of residence. They can be made on the spot when building a house, and offer perfect protection from rain and snow without obstructing the daylight. Added to this they are fireproof, and allow a householder to watch the cats on the roof at night.

Two new inventions have come to the fore to exterminate the detestable bicycle gong. The first is a chime of bells, and the second consists of strips of rubber passed round the diamond frame of the machine. Ordinary commercial bands can be used if the front wheel is removed to put them on. The strips must be stretched as tight as possible, and thus in a wind the rubber acts as an Æolian harp, giving forth a sound not entirely unmusical.

A COMFORTING invention to coincide with the approach of winter is the principle of what are called "heatable shoes." Within the heel of the shoe there is a receptacle for a glowing substance similar to that used in the famous Japanese handwarmers. Between the soles, embedded in asbestos covers, there is a rubber bag which is filled with water. The water heated from the heel circulates freely as the wearer walks, and a safety valve prevents the possibility of the bag bursting and wrecking the human being above.

It only promises to be a short time before genuine diamonds that pass every test can be made to order. A process has recently been discovered by M. Moissan, the eminent French chemist, and is very simple. He claims that if iron is saturated with carbon while at a high temperature of the electric furnace, and then allowed to cool, some of the carbon will chip off in the form of diamonds. This has been suspected for some time, but the process has been for years an undiscovered secret. Several years ago M. Rossel proved that hard steel, owing to the method of manufacture, contained diamonds. This he demonstrated by dissolving the steel in acids, when minute crystals were found. Moissan has not found the secret of their presence.

A NEW kind of dog muzzle, which is likely to prove a considerable boon to our four-footed friends, has recently been patented in Paris. The muzzle is virtually in two parts, the upper part lies along the top of the dog's head and nose, and is bent down at the end, the under part is under the lower jaw, and turned up at the end. This turned up part engages with the bent down part of the upper portion of the muzzle in such a manner that, while they cannot become separated, they allow of a movement of several inches; the two portions are united a little behind the socket of the lower jaw by a horizontal V shaped spring. When the dog opens his mouth, the spring allows him to depress his lower jaw to a certain point, and although his mouth is open, he cannot bite, as the interlacing portions in front of his nose present an insuperable obstacle; when he closes his mouth the muzzle also returns to its normal position.

THE ingenuity of man is everlastingly on the look-out for new gates to open. One result within the last few days has been in the manufacture of a suction bath-stopper. This is eminently adapted for administering liquid medicine or nourishment to invalids. The stopper consists of a thin glass tube, like the filter of a fountain pen or a penny squirt, and in this is a graduated scale of measurements. The end of the tube is flattened to suit the lips—the stopper itself may be wholly of rubber or rubber attached to glass. When the stopper is in the bottle it acts in every way as a cork, and when required the prescribed quantity of the liquid can be drawn into the tube by suction, and, if necessary, squirted down the unfortunate invalid's throat.



A PECULIAR ILLNESS.

The lift in modern large buildings has only one drawback—the sickness it causes when the car is too suddenly stopped. To people of a delicate constitution this sickness is often such a serious matter that to them the lift is a dangerous blessing.

This sickness can be avoided by observing simple physical laws. It is caused by the same law that throws a person to the ground when he gets off a moving tram-car in the wrong way. The stoppage of the lift brings a dizziness to the head, sometimes accompanied by a feeling of nausea.

The internal organs seem to want to rise into the throat. All this comes from the fact that all parts of the body are not stopped at the same moment of time. The feet, being next to the car floor, stop with the car, while other portions of the body continue moving. If the body as a whole can be arrested at the same time with the feet, there will be no sickness. This can be done by placing the head and shoulders against the car frame. Then there will be no sickness.

AN ENTHUSIASTIC MEDICAL STUDENT.

The other day, Felix found that Felicia was going to the theatre with another fellow.

"That's rather hard on a fellow, sweetheart," he objected. "Please don't go with him."

Felicia's under lips signified that even the most engaged young women got an occasional afternoon off.

Then Felix dropped pleading, and went extensively into bribery.

"Now, look here, Felicia—"

Felicia interjected an entirely irrelevant and flippant comment, that, since a mirror was directly in her present range of vision, she was better employed.

"Laying aside the question of your duty towards me—no, don't pucker up your lips that way or I shall have to—just one more, darling—well, as I was saying, you know you don't care anything about going with that fellow, and you have seen *Cymbeline* already. You would have a far better time of it with me."

"What shall we do?" asked Felicia, in a business-like tone, which showed she appreciated to the full the financial aspect of the situation. "What have you to offer me as entertainment if I give up my plans?"

"Myself," responded her lover promptly, staving off comment by adding hastily, "and—er—er well"—a brilliant idea struck him—"and besides that, I'll tell you what," he continued cheerfully, "you know that magnificent operating-theatre I have been telling you

about, up at our hospital—the finest in the world, Felicia, think of that! Well, there is a beautiful operation going on up there this afternoon—amputation of a thigh. Now, I can manage it all right with the door-keeper—pass you off as a lady physician—and if you will give up this other fellow I will take you up to see the operation!"

"Now, why," asked Felix five seconds later, sticking his hands in his pockets, and regarding himself questioningly in the mirror, "did she dash away like that?"

A CHEAP WAY TO SEE EUROPE.

TIME was when the British tourist, popularly known as "mi-lord," was the butt of Continental wit. He has grown out of it, however, thanks mainly to the aggressiveness of his American cousin.

Travel where you will round Western Europe, you cannot but be struck by the vulgarity, the innocence, strangely enough, and the I-can-buy-up-the-whole-darned-place-ness of the American on the sight-see; he is as much in evidence, as hopelessly unlovely, as a sore thumb in a rag.

One conspicuous trait of his—his conceit—has broken out in a new place. Now he is collecting hotel labels as reminiscences of his foreign travel; not for scrap-book purposes, but that when he returns to New York, to Chicago, or to Spookville, as the case may be, he may then paste them on his trunks, and so show he has "done Europe." He does not alone collect them from the places he visits, but pays so much a dozen for labels from towns he has never been near.

There are many Continental guides at the present moment doing quite a big trade in labels, chiefly with Americans.

I should not like my statements to be doubted, ridiculous as they may appear, and so I give the name and address of one guide who has carried on this business for some time, and who is willing—for a fee—to procure anybody labels from any town named: Joseph Benyunes, Hotel Bristol, Gibraltar.

FARMER: "By whing! but that there London girl of our John's has broken him off whist-playing and that sort of thing, after all!"

Mrs. Meadowlot: "Good for her. But are you sure?"

FARMER Meadowlot: "Sure? This here paper has got the announcement of their wedding, an' right down at the bottom it says 'No cards,' just as plain as day."

ALCOHOLISM AND OBESITY.

It is often rashly asserted that drunkenness is uncommon on the European Continent, and that, in particular, it is a rare vice in France. Certain medical therapeutists and specialistic scientists have, however, recently furnished some suggestive statistics which flatly contradict the cherished beliefs of those who have persistently proclaimed the sobriety of the French people. Dr. Lancereaux, at the French Academy of Medicine, having made a special study of the subject, declares that in his extensive hospital practice out of twenty patients ten are, on an average, suffering from some form of alcoholic poisoning—women being responsible for a large proportion of the enormous consumption of alcohol thus indicated. The learned doctor sums up the results on the population at large as representing a mortality greater than that caused by the greatest epidemics, the ruin of labour, and—what is already startlingly evident in France—the steady diminution of the very population of the country. Other authorities, again, assert that with the annual increase in the consumption of spirits, to the extent of nearly 500,000 gallons, in various liquors, there has been a corresponding increase of corpulence. This appears to make alcohol responsible for the troublesome and sometimes dangerous increase of unhealthy adipose tissue on the strength of the somewhat slipshod theory of the affinity of alcohol for oxygen in the system. It is certainly worthy of note that some of the most eminent authorities on the Continent and in America absolutely debar the corpulent from drinking alcohol in any shape or form, while on the other hand one of the most prominent and successful specialists in England boldly and flatly contradicts, on this point, his professional brethren. He permits those undergoing his treatment to drink the spirits of their choice—although he does not advocate the use of these beverages. The result of his experiments is that he can reduce a person's weight from 31b. to 61b. in a week, although the patient may drink alcohol even to excess; nor will any extra decrease in weight be experienced by a restriction of the amount of drink consumed. His aim is to attack corpulence at its very root, and to achieve this he does not approve of such a drastic measure as the sudden and indiscriminate stoppage of a person's accustomed spirituous drink, for there are many who have so habitually used themselves to their "dram" that its prohibition is unquestionably a great hardship, if not actually dangerous. Again, he takes exception to the action of the majority of specialists in dealing with obesity in prescribing a limited diet. To this he takes exception on the very reasonable ground (to quote from his clever 256-paged book, entitled "Corpulency, and the Cure," by

F. C. Russell, Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C.) that with the reduction of fat by his process, the most unhealthy portions of this excess tissue, such as those which clog the vital organs, begin to waste first, and as a consequence, the entire system becomes healthier within the first 24 hours of the treatment. Then immediately the patient begins to be exhilarated by such symptoms as the freedom of breathing, the stronger and stendier action of the heart, the feeling of lightness, the absence of the sense of oppression—each organ performing its duty with increased regularity. He finds himself aroused suddenly from a lethargic heaviness and morbid drowsiness which have probably lasted for years; he feels, as it were, born anew, and instantly becomes more active and buoyant, both in body and mind—all of which pleasurable sensations are naturally accompanied by an increase of appetite. It is not necessary to be a scientist or a medical expert to adopt the common-sense view of these matters. "Would you, then," argues Mr. Russell, "in the case of a person who for years, perhaps, has never known what a healthy appetite means, deprive him of food when Nature appealingly holds forth her hands, literally begging for it? No! those who reduce fat by starvation pay for their folly at usurers' interest when meeting the bills drawn against them on the Bank of Longevity. Let other specialists prescribe this; I will not countenance it," says Mr. Russell. Notwithstanding the increased amount of food taken daily, the weight under the operation of his system is steadily reduced, to which unerring testimony is given by the weighing-machine. The painstaking research and the marvellous success of the author of the above-named work justify us in arriving at the conclusion that his system may be followed with absolute confidence. His success is all the more remarkable because the whole secret consists in the use of a few herbal roots and a simple vegetable acid. We believe it is the only system of reducing obesity—and it is a very pleasant system—which is certain in its results, and brings no after-penalties. We commend his book to our readers. It may be obtained post free by sending two penny stamps to Mr. Russell at the address already given.—*Brighton Examiner*.

A POSITIVE REMEDY FOR CORPULENCE.

Any remedy that can be suggested as a cure or alleviation for stoutness will be heartily welcomed. We have recently received a well-written book, the author of which seems to know what he is talking about. It is entitled "Corpulency, and the Cure" (256 pages), and is a cheap issue (only two-pence), published by Mr. F. C. Russell, of Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C. Our space will not do justice to this book; send for it yourself. It appears that Mr. Russell has submitted all kinds of proofs to the English Press. The editor of the *Tablet*, the Catholic organ, writes: "Mr. Russell does not give us the slightest loophole for a doubt as to the value of his cure; for in the most straightforward and matter-of-fact manner he submitted some hundreds of original and unsolicited testimonial letters for our perusal, and offered us plenty more, if required. To

THE COST OF AN ELECTION IN AMERICA.

WERE comparisons made between the costs of our own electoral system at a general election and that of the selection of a President of the United States, the discrepancy would be calculated to produce something like consternation in the ordinary reader. It is by no means unlikely, when the amount comes to be summed up after the event, it will be found to have reached a grand total of several millions of dollars, and in virtue of the exceptional efforts now being made, it may easily cost the country a couple of million pounds.

The popular belief is that most of this money is contributed by men who expect to get a personal return by being selected to fill some office of more or less importance, should their candidate succeed in getting in, or by corporations which anticipate the recouping of their outlay and an addition to their coffers by special legislation for their benefit. While this is true to a certain extent, it is by no means the case, for most of the money contributed is given by rich men who have no such personal stake in the issue of the campaign.

When the nominee for either of the two chief offices—the Presidency and the Vice-Presidency—is rich and the latter is almost invariably selected for that qualification, he is expected, and as a matter of fact does, contribute very largely to the campaign funds.

One Presidential candidate, it is said, wrote a cheque on his nomination for £100,000. Mr. Blaine's sensational cessation from Mr. Harrison's cabinet just four years ago caused everyone to believe, though erroneously, that he would be the candidate of the Republican Party, was the man who contributed more largely than any other of the last ten years to these funds. In 1884, when the campaign opened, he gave the Republicans a cheque for £5,000, and a few weeks before the election, when it was said funds were getting low, he advanced £20,000 more, on condition that it should be returned to him—a condition which, however, was never carried out. Mr. Cleveland's contribution in the last election was stated to have been only £2,000.

The canvas for the Presidency is undertaken by the National Committee, and under the direction of the late Mr. August Belmont was organised on a business basis with a perfect system in each department. He was one of the largest contributors to the Democratic funds ever known, while Mr. John Wannamaker, the William Whiteley of Philadelphia, who was Secretary to the Post-office in the last Republican administration, is popularly credited with having raised £80,000 towards the election of ex-President Harrison, and it is believed that the greater portion of that sum was his own personal subscription.

assist him to make this remedy known, we think we cannot do better than publish quotations from some of the letters submitted. The first one, a marchioness, writes from Madrid: "My son, Count —, has reduced his weight in twenty-two days 16 kilos, i.e., 34lb." Another writes: "So far (six weeks from the commencement of following your system) I have lost fully two stone in weight." The next (a lady) writes: "I am just half the size." A fourth: "I find it is successful in my case. I have lost eight pounds in weight since I commenced (two weeks)." Another writes: "A reduction of 18lb. in a month is a great success." A lady from Bournemouth writes: "I feel much better, have less difficulty in breathing, and can walk about." Again, a lady says: "It reduced me considerably, not only in the body but all over." The author is very positive. He says: "Step on a weighing-machine on Monday morning and again on Tuesday, and I guarantee that you have lost 2lb. in weight without the slightest harm, and vast improvement in health through ridding the system of unhealthy accumulations."—*Cork Herald*.

EXTRAORDINARY SUCCESS IN THE TREATMENT OF OBESITY.

Our corpulent readers will be glad to learn how to positively lose two stone in about a month with the greatest possible benefit in health, strength, and muscle, by a comparatively new system. It is a singular paradox that the patient, returning quickly to a healthy state, with increased activity of brain, digestive and other organs, naturally requires more food than hitherto, yet, notwithstanding this, he absolutely loses in weight 11b. or 21b. daily, as the weighing-machine will prove. Thus there is no suggestion of starvation. It is an undoubted success, and the author, who has devoted years of study to the subject, guarantees a noticeable reduction within twenty-four hours of commencing the treatment. This is different with other diseases, for the patient, in some cases, may go for weeks without being able to test whether the physician has rightly treated him, and may have derived no real or apparent improvement in health. Here, we repeat, the author guarantees it in twenty-four hours, the scale to be the unerring recorder. The treatment aims at the actual root of obesity, so that the superfluous fat does not return when discontinuing the treatment. It is perfectly harmless. We advise our readers to call the attention of stout friends to this, because, sincerely, we think they ought to know. For their information we may say that, on sending twopence in stamps, a book entitled "Corpulency, and the Cure" (256 pages), containing a reprint of press notices from some hundreds of medical and other journals (British and foreign) and other interesting particulars, including the "recipe," can be had from a Mr. F. C. Russell, Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C.—*Bel'st News Letter*.

HOME NOTES.

A PAGE MORE PARTICULARLY FOR LADIES.

ISOBEL will be glad to answer, in this page, questions of general interest upon household matters, so far as space permits. Envelopes should be marked HOME NOTES.

When Cleaning Fresh Water Fish. do not let it lie in water, for it is very apt to make it soft and flabby.

A Pretty Decoration for Cold Dishes is made by chopping parsley and lemon-rind finely and scattering it over the meat or on the flat edge of the dish.

Salt should be Taken by Everyone at Meals. for a sufficient quantity does not exist in our food to supply the needs of the body. Many people do not realise that salt is absolutely essential to health and even to life.

To Remove Grease from Leather. Apply a weak solution of oxalic acid, made into a paste with fuller's earth. Two or three applications will be successful in most cases. There is no better medium for removing grease than fuller's earth. (Reply to H. S. F.)

Rabbit Cutlets. Cut a boiled rabbit into neat joints, chopping the leg and shoulder bones short. Make a batter of three level table-spoonfuls of flour to each egg and enough milk to make it of the consistency of thick cream. Season the pieces of rabbit with pepper, salt, and lemon-juice, dip into the batter and fry a light brown. Serve with rashers of bacon.

An Effervescent Saline may be made very cheaply thus: Take four ounces each of Epsom salts, tartaric acid, bicarbonate of soda and cream of tartar, also half a pound of icing sugar. See that all the ingredients are thoroughly dry, then mix and pound them till fine. Pass all three times through a wire sieve, place in dried bottles and cork tightly. This is easily prepared at home. (Reply to CYCLES.)

Scalloped Oysters. You are right that this delicate shell fish is in season once more, and, perhaps, scalloped is one of the most dainty ways of cooking it. Grease some scallop shells, scatter breadcrumbs over, then put in a layer of oysters; lay on bits of butter, season with red pepper and salt, and so on, till the dish is full. Have a layer of crumbs on the top; moisten all with the liquor from the oysters. Bake half an hour in a good oven. (Reply to A. N. T.)

Savoury Pudding to Serve with Pork. Take equal to half a stale loaf of bread in pieces, set it in a basin, pour cold water over, and stand several hours. Then squeeze very dry, add half a pound of chopped suet, and three or four boiled onions, also chopped small. Scatter over the bread a handful of flour, salt and pepper to taste, and a little sage and thyme. Add two beaten eggs to the above, pour into a fat greased tin and bake for an hour under the joint as you would Yorkshire pudding.

A Spanish Mode of Cooking Eggs. Dissolve half an ounce of butter in a tablespoonful of good gravy, add the same quantity of milk with a seasoning of pepper and salt. Prepare some buttered toast and spread it sparsely with anchovy paste. Break three eggs into the gravy, etc., which should be heating over the fire, and stir over gentle heat till lumpy. Take the pan off, and stir the contents till set. Pile the mixture on the pieces of toast prepared. Scatter chopped parsley over and serve very hot.

Many Correspondents have Written to me on the all-important subject of outdoor wraps for their boys. One says: "My son is eleven years of age. I do not care for the orthodox overcoat, but I consider him too old to wear that of the refter type. What would you advise?" Why, a wrap of covert coating, similar to that shown in the sketch (No. 3058, paper pattern, 6d.) for a boy of ten to twelve. Made up in the material before mentioned, it will stand any amount of rain without shrinking or stretching out of shape. Moreover, as this most useful fabric is usually worn in either a light brown or bluish grey, it does not show dust and mud in the way that black and dark colours do.

True it is a trifle expensive to start with, but then a coat of this kind will last two or three years, and be equally useful in summer or winter.



In Peeling Lemons for lemonade or flavoured be careful never to cut any of the white skin, as it has a bitter taste.

To Test the Freshness of Eggs, drop them slowly into a bowl of water, and if the small end comes to the top, they are fresh.

Paint, or Other Stains, may be removed from silk and woollen goods by patient rubbing with chloroform. This may be tried on the most delicate colours, and will leave no mark behind.

Snow Cake. Cream four ounces of butter with the same quantity of caster sugar; add a well beaten egg, then sift in nearly half a pound of potato flour; add a little grated lemon-rind, and beat for ten minutes. Bake in a buttered tin for three quarters of an hour in a slow oven. This cake should not be allowed to bake very brown. (Reply to WESTOE.)

Curd Filling for Cheesecakes. This recipe is an excellent one and I feel sure will answer your purpose, for it is not extravagant. Take the curd from a quart of milk which has been turned with rennet, mix with this a quarter of a pound of currants, three ounces of sugar, a little cinnamon and nutmeg, a quarter of the peel of a lemon, two yolks and one white of eggs, and a gill of cream. (Reply to FROST, Ely.)

Tomato Preserve. Choose tomatoes that are not quite ripe and wipe with a cloth, removing the stems. Put into a preserving-pan, allowing half a pound of white sugar for every pound of fruit; add a little water for syrup, also a slice of lemon to each two pounds of fruit. Boil until thoroughly done and the syrup is thick. Do not put much water at first, for it can be added easily. This is an excellent preserve, and tastes a little like figs. (Reply to BELLE VUE.)

Yorkshire Parkin. Necessary ingredients, two pounds of coarse oatmeal, half a pound of butter, half a pound of moist sugar, equal parts of mixed spice, vinegar to taste, and sufficient treacle (which should be melted if too thick) and make the whole into a firm dough. Work all together thoroughly, spread in a Yorkshire pudding tin, and bake in a slow oven for two or three hours. Parkin should not be eaten for a few days after it is made. (Reply to WESTOE.)

Herb Beer. For this, of course, the fresh herb is always best, but if that is not to be had procure dried leaves of a herbalist. Boil for three-quarters of an hour one ounce of dandelion leaves and a quarter of an ounce of hops in two gallons and a half of water. When the beer has cooled a little add one pound and a half of brown sugar and three-quarters of an ounce of Spanish juice. Ferment with yeast, and after twenty-four hours strain and bottle for use. (Reply to L. D. C.)

This Apple Dish is new to me and, I dare say, equally so to many of my readers. Peel some sound cooking apples of medium size, take out the core, and roughen the outside of the fruit with a fork. Now roll the apples in coarse brown sugar, stand them in a large buttered pie-dish, fill the hole in each apple with any red preserve, and bake slowly till tender. Baste the fruit while cooking with the juice which runs from it. When cooked, allow the fruit to get cold before setting in a glass dish to serve.

Polony Sausage. Mix thoroughly together these ingredients: Half a pound of salt, one ounce each of allspice, black pepper, and saltpetre, all well pounded. Procure about six pounds of pork, lean and fat, and rub the pickle into it daily. On the sixth day, cut the meat small, and add a little finely chopped shallot. When everything is well mixed, put the meat, shallot, etc., into an ox gut, which has been well soaked, salted, and scoured. Tie up the ends of the sausage and hang it to dry as you would a ham. The skin should be tightly tied at intervals, so as to make each link about nine inches long. (Reply to CONSTANT READER.)

Elderberry Wine. This recipe is given me by an old housekeeper who was celebrated for her home-made wines of all sorts. I have drunk this elderberry wine (served hot and flavoured with spice) on a cold night, and most excellent it was. To every six quarts of elderberries, stripped from stalks, add two quarts of water. Let this stand a day or two, then boil for an hour, and strain the juice from the skins. To every gallon of liquor add three pounds and a half of moist sugar, one ounce of cloves, two ounces of ginger, and boil it again. Pour off into a tub, and when the wine is only lukewarm add a piece of toasted bread, spread thickly with yeast. Cover the pan with a cloth and let it stand for four or five days, then cask it, but do not put in the bung till the wine has done working. The ginger and cloves should be bruised and put into a muslin bag before being boiled with the liquor. (Reply to H. G. C. HANOVER.)

To Remove a Burnt Taste from Lard after frying, slice some raw potatoes into it, and cook for a few moments and strain off.

Erase Finger Marks from Polished Furniture by rubbing with a chamois leather moistened with vinegar and water. Afterwards polish in the usual way.

Prevent Grass Growing in a Yard by pouring boiling water over the stones whenever the grass begins to show itself.

To Stop Nose Bleeding. Roll up a piece of paper and press it under the upper lip. Another remedy is to lie flat on the back and chew, without swallowing, pieces of white paper.

Ventilate Children's Nurseries and Bedrooms very carefully, once or twice daily, but never expose the little ones to draughts of air, which quickly give cold.

Save Soap-Suds if you have a garden, as they form a very useful manure for flowers as well as shrubs and vegetables. It is well to have a sunk tub in every garden, where the soapy water can stand till required for watering.

Make Brine for Keeping Butter as follows: Boil two pounds of salt, six lumps of sugar, and as much saltpetre as will lie on a shilling, in one gallon of water for ten minutes. When cold, wrap each pat of butter in wet muslin, or cloth, and put it into the brine. The butter must always remain under the surface of the brine, and then it will keep good for months, and a pat can be taken out as required.

Blackberry Batter Pudding. Ingredients: One pint of milk, two eggs, one ounce of butter, and enough flour to make a stiff batter. Scatter over the flour, previous to using, a pinch of salt and a small teaspoonful of baking-powder. Grease a pie-dish and put a layer of batter in the bottom, cover with a pint of blackberries, well dredged with sugar. Pour over the remaining batter, and bake for an hour. Serve either hot or cold, and you will be pleased with your pudding. The same dish may be made later, substituting apples for blackberries.

German Apple Cake. Work well with the hands half a pound of fresh butter and one pound and a half of flour. When mixed, add four ounces of sugar, one ounce of sweet mixed spice, and the yolks of two eggs. Knead this paste, and then divide it in two, line the bottom of a round cake-pan with one half of the paste. Stew some apples with sugar and a few dried currants, and when the fruit is cooked till soft, let it get cold. Spread a layer of this fruit over the cake, roll out the other half of the pastry and cover the apples with it. Bake for half-an-hour, or more if the pastry is thick, and let it remain in the tin till cold. Ice the top with a good cream icing, and set in the oven just to harden.

Sultana Scones. One pound of Vienna flour, two ounces of sultanas, two ounces of butter, one teaspoonful of baking-powder, half a pint of milk, and one egg. Beat up the egg with the milk, rub the two ounces of butter into the flour, add the sugar, sultanas, and baking-powder to the ingredients in the basin. Stir all well together; pour in the egg beaten up in the milk and make into a light dough. Set the dough on a floured board, make it into a round shape, roll it a little so that it is one inch thick, cut into triangles, place on a greased tin and bake twenty minutes in a steady oven. When nearly done, brush the scones over with milk and sugar and return to the oven to glaze and finish baking.

Isobel

ADVERTISEMENT SCALE.

Single column, per inch, per insertion	£1 10 0
Double	3 0 0
Full page inside, facing page of matter, either white paper or 2nd or 3rd page of cover, or back page, per insertion	70 0 0
Half page	35 0 0
Quarter page	17 10 0
Eighth page	8 15 0
Tenth page	7 0 0
Front page, whole	90 0 0
half	45 0 0
quarter	22 10 0
eighth	11 5 0

All spaces above one-tenth of a page are charged at per page rate.

Black blocks are charged 25 per cent. extra. All advertisements are subject to approval. All copy must be sent in by Noon on Thursday, Oct. 22, if intended for the issue on sale Oct. 31, and dated Nov. 7. The Proprietors reserve the right to hold over or suspend the insertion of any advertisement without prejudice to other insertions on order. All communications should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, "Pearson's Weekly" Offices, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

1896. OCT.	NOVEMBER.	DECEMBER.	1897. JAN.	FEBRUARY.	MARCH.	APRIL.	MAY.	JUNE.	JULY.	AUGUST.	SEPTEMBER.
M 4 11 18 25	M 1 8 15 22 29	M 6 13 20 27	M 3 10 17 24 31	M 7 14 21 28	M 1 8 15 22 29	M 4 11 18 25	M 2 9 16 23 30	M 6 13 20 27	M 4 11 18 25	M 1 8 15 22 29	M 5 12 19 26
T 5 12 19 26	T 2 9 16 23 30	T 7 14 21 28	T 4 11 18 25	T 8 15 22 29	T 2 9 16 23 30	T 5 12 19 26	T 3 10 17 24 31	T 7 14 21 28	T 5 12 19 26	T 2 9 16 23 30	T 6 13 20 27
W 6 13 20 27	W 3 10 17 24 31	W 8 15 22 29	W 5 12 19 26	W 9 16 23 30	W 6 13 20 27	W 4 11 18 25	W 2 9 16 23 30	W 8 15 22 29	W 6 13 20 27	W 3 10 17 24 31	W 7 14 21 28
T 1 8 15 22 29	T 6 13 20 27	T 1 8 15 22 29	T 6 13 20 27	T 1 8 15 22 29	T 6 13 20 27	T 4 11 18 25	T 2 9 16 23 30	T 7 14 21 28	T 5 12 19 26	T 2 9 16 23 30	T 8 15 22 29
F 2 9 16 23 30	F 7 14 21 28	F 2 9 16 23 30	F 7 14 21 28	F 2 9 16 23 30	F 7 14 21 28	F 5 12 19 26	F 3 10 17 24 31	F 7 14 21 28	F 5 12 19 26	F 2 9 16 23 30	F 9 16 23 30
S 3 10 17 24 31	S 8 15 22 29	S 3 10 17 24 31	S 8 15 22 29	S 3 10 17 24 31	S 8 15 22 29	S 6 13 20 27	S 4 11 18 25	S 8 15 22 29	S 6 13 20 27	S 3 10 17 24 31	S 4 11 18 25

Good!
it's
Mason's
MASON'S EXTRACT
HERBS
MADE IN A LANCING CILER



The most palatable, thirst-quenching, refreshing, animating tonic drink producible
For every OPEN-AIR WORKMAN and all employed in Shops, Mills, Manufactories, and Mines.
IMITATED BUT NOT EQUALLED.
Agents Wanted.
One 6d. bottle makes 8 gallons.
Of all Chemists and Stores.
Sample Bottle Free 9 Stamps, 3 for 15 Stamps.
NEWBELL & MASON,
Nottingham.

LAZENBY'S
HARVEY'S SAUCE

PREPARED FROM
THE ORIGINAL RECIPE
BEARS THE WELL KNOWN LABEL
Signed *Elizabeth Lazenby*

LAZENBY'S PICKLES
LAZENBY'S SOUPS
LAZENBY'S SOUP SQUARES
LAZENBY'S TABLE JELLIES
LAZENBY'S POTTED MEATS
LAZENBY'S BAKING POWDER

PERFECT FITTING Blackburn's
Tailoring
TO ORDER.
GENTS' SUITS
TO MEASURE,
25/- to 63/-
WRITE AT ONCE.
200 Patterns, with
measure forms, &c.,
sent Post Free.
BLACKBURN'S,
Manufacturers, **LEEDS.**



DISINFECT
SANITAS
"HOW TO DISINFECT"



WAYS IRISING
YEAST

NO EXPENSE IS SPARED
TO MAKE OUR
"D.O.L." Yeast
Perfect, both for Home use and Bakers' requirements.
If you have not tried it send to us for a free sample and Booklet of Instructions.
SOLE MANUFACTURERS
THE DISTILLERS COMPANY, Ltd.,
EDINBURGH.

TOOTH-ACHE.
CURED INSTANTLY BY
BUNTER'S NERVINE.

Prevents Decay. Saves Extractions. Alleviates Night Pains.
Neuralgia Headaches and all Nerve Pains removed by BUNTER'S NERVINE.
All Chemists, 1s. 1d.

It
Never Fails.
ESTAB. 22 YEARS.
Have you a Cough?
A DOSE WILL RELIEVE IT.
Have you a Cold?
A DOSE AT BELTIME WILL REMOVE IT.
Try it also for
Whooping-Cough, for Asthma,
for Consumption, for Bronchitis.
WHEN YOU ASK FOR
Owbridge's Lung Tonic
BE SURE YOU GET IT.

For outward application, instead of
poultices, use
OWBRIDGE'S EMBROCATION.
It is much safer, more effective,
and less troublesome.

Prepared by
W. T. OWBRIDGE, Chemist, Hull.
Sold everywhere
in bottles, at 1s. 1 1/2d., 2s. 9d.,
4s. 6d., and 11s.
COPYRIGHT.

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."
CLARKE'S
WORLD-FAMED
BLOOD MIXTURE

Is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities from whatever cause arising. For Scrofula, Scurvy, Bad Legs, Eczema, Skin and Blood Diseases, Pimples and Sores of all kinds, its effects are marvellous. It is the only real specific for Gout and Rheumatic Pains, for it removes the cause from the blood and bones. Thousands of wonderful cures have been effected by it. In bottles 2s. 9d. and 11s. each, of Chemists everywhere.
Beware of Worthless Imitations.

BLUSHING
Permanently Cured. A Pimples, giving sound, practical advice and full particulars of a successful treatment for a rapid, simple, and inexpensive home cure, forwarded free to all upon receipt of stamped addressed envelope. F. B. B. ROLT, 17, 19, 21, Chambers, West Strand, London.

AN OPPORTUNITY.
HIGH-CLASS TAILORING.
DIRECT from the Manufacturers. Saving all Middleman's Profit.
LADIES' COSTUMES
TAILOR-MADE.
This Season's Shades From 10/6 to 70/- Value Unsurpassed.
NOTE.—Our Costumes are not ready-made, but cut specially to customer's own measure, and in make and finish are far superior to any others advertised. Try One.—If not as represented, we will return your money.
MEN'S SUITS AND OVERCOATS.
to measure from 15/-.
BOYS' SUITS.
Write for Patterns. It will pay you to do so. 300 to choose from. Fashion plates and measure forms free on application. All Goods Carriage Paid.
FACTORY CLOTHING CO.,
Manufacturers & Ladies' Tailors.
117s Albion St., Leeds



Irish Tweed Clothing
Is the most durable. Send for sample of material and self-measurement forms, which will be forwarded Post Free.

SUITS from 29/6 to 57/-
TROUSERS from 4/11.

Our Famous Foxford Tweed Suits at 40/- are unrivalled.

The Foxford Tweed is made in the Congested Districts of Gweedare by Irish Girls, under the Superintendence of the Sisters of Charity. FIT GUARANTEED or money returned.

As above—The Best of Ireland.

Limerick Clothing Factory, LIMITED, LIMERICK.



This Announcement

entitles you to a Dainty Sample Tin of **DR. TIBBLES' VI-COCOA FREE** (subject to this paper being mentioned). We, the Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, Ltd., of Suffolk House, Cannon Street, London, E.C., hereby promise to send FREE on receipt of your name and address (a postcard will do), a Dainty Sample Tin of Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, so that you can test its merits free of charge. Not a medicine, but a wonderful food beverage. Such is Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa. As a concentrated form of nourishment and vitality it is invaluable. Pleasant and palatable, and embodying the numerous principles contained in Malt, Hops, Kola, and Cocoa, it imparts nourishment and builds up strength. Sold in 6d. packets and 9d. and 1s. 6d. tins. This unprecedented offer of a free sample is made as a means of introducing so palatable and invigorative a preparation into every house. A postcard will do. P.S.—It is absolutely necessary that the name of this paper should be mentioned when accepting the above offer.

DR. TIBBLES' Vi-Cocoa

Address:
DR. TIBBLES' VI-COCOA, Ltd.,
Suffolk House,
Cannon St., London,
E.C.

NO MORE READY-MADE CLOTHING.
BAKER BROTHERS,
WHOLESALE TAILORS,
6 (Late 5), Eldon Street, Liverpool Street, LONDON, E.C.

(One minute from Broad St. and Liverpool St. Stations.)
MAKE A SINGLE GARMENT TO MEASURE AT WHOLESALE PRICES.
Saving 50 per cent. Middlemen's Profits. DIRECT FROM THE LOOMS TO THE WEARER.

OVERCOATS, 20/- 25/- 30/- & 35/-
To Measure in all Colours.
BUSINESS SUITS 21/- TO MEASURE.
NAVY BLUE SERGE SUITS 21/-
MORNING COAT & VEST 21/6
TROUSERS - 5/- 7/6 & 9/6
SCOTCH & WEST OF ENGLAND SUITINGS, 27/6, 32/6, & 37/6,
TO MEASURE.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—We have been compelled, owing to our enormously increased business, to take larger and more commodious premises, as above. Write at once for Patterns and Self-measurement Form, post free, which will insure a perfect fit.
ALL PATTERNS FREE.
Carriage Paid to any part of the United Kingdom.
PLEASE MENTION THIS PAPER.

THE UNLIMITED MAIL.

Mr. J. S., a signalman, of Glasgow, on returning home by train at eight o'clock one morning last week, flung a back number of P.W. into an unoccupied first-class compartment. While going to work at six o'clock in the evening—ten hours later—he found the same copy of P.W. in the same position in the same compartment of the same train, which had travelled 110 miles.

This from Mr. H. Mervin: "I beg to inform you that on the walls of a certain public-house in Midhurst, Sussex, is written the following:

FAMILIES SUPPLIED IN SMALL CASKS."

—This is quite curious. Probably the father would be porter, the mother stout, and the sex of the children half and half. Who knows?

F. G. H. asks: "Is there any bird which exercises a fascination over the fish on which it preys as a rattlesnake does over its victims?" The only instance that occurs to me is that of the osprey, a long-winged eagle, which is said to have this power, though with what truth I am not in a position to speak with authority. Drayton has some lines:

The osprey—the fish no sooner do espy
But—turning their bellies up as though death they saw,
They, at his pleasure, lie to stuff his gluttonous maw.

Indeed, it seems as if the bird hovering in the air strikes terror into the fish, who turn on their backs and lie waiting until it pleases the osprey to seize them.

F. G. H. asks when Mr. Louis Tracy's new book will be published?—I am unable to give a definite date yet. The book, of which a large issue is being prepared, has been in the press for some time, and will be on sale with as little delay as possible. An enormous demand is anticipated, and those who wish to make sure of obtaining a copy are requested to lodge their orders with their booksellers as soon as possible.

A CORRESPONDENT, writing under the pseudonym of "Hateful," has been fruitlessly raging against the social custom which enforces the rule that every male visitor shall carry his hat into the drawing-room. What is a hat for, one is tempted to think, if not to hold hats and sticks? Certainly they are less out of keeping there than anywhere else, and the tortures which some men have to undergo ought to bring tears to the eyes of the most hardened inventor of social regulations. For young Browne Smythe or the Rev. Walham Green to have to manipulate his hat and stick gracefully at a social function is surely trial enough, but when, as is often the case, he has also to hand round tea and coffee, the task becomes one of almost superhuman difficulty. To put the hat on the ground would seem the easiest way out of the difficulty, but this is to court its utter destruction, while any attempt at rising suddenly brings inevitable complications with the stick. The climax is usually reached when he has to take his own tea or coffee, and sit gingerly down, in momentary dread of upsetting the dainty, ill-balanced cup, or dropping a piece of cake that is holding on like grim death to a tiny saucer which bears about the same proportion to the cup as the brim to the modern tall hat.

H. J. K.—Your friend, I am afraid, loses his bet. From careful observations that have from time to time been made it has been settled almost beyond dispute that bees, when in search of honey, seldom, if ever, exceed a radius of four miles from their hive. On an average bees do not travel a greater distance than two miles for this purpose, preferring even a shorter journey when they can light upon something attractive nearer home.

MARIANNE.—Many thanks for your letter. We are always glad to receive original poetry for consideration, provided it is poetry; but the ordinary compound of nonsense and rhyming dictionary is not wanted. The distinction is slight, but important.

A CORRESPONDENT, whose name I refrain from mentioning because I see no valid reason for elevating him, football fashion, out of his native and seemingly suitable obscurity, indites two slips of abuse of journalists in general and the author of "Briton or Boer?" in particular. He shouts: "I have made a charge against Mr. Griffith. Let him answer it if he can!" The charge is that of "Taking contemptible advantage of president Krüger's kindness." A similar charge has been made already by one or two of the "reptile" organs of South Africa. The foundation for it seems to be that Mr. Griffith, after interviewing President Krüger and accepting a cup of coffee—not at the latter's expense but at that of the taxpayers of the Transvaal, who pay the President £400 a year as "coffee money" for this purpose—subsequently printed his candid opinion of him. If this constitutes a breach of hospitality, then every journalist who interviews a public man and takes a cup of coffee or a glass of wine with him is thereby bound either to suppress the truth, if it happens to be uncomplimentary, or to tell his readers a lie. Mr. Griffith went to visit President Krüger in his own name

and character, the President knowing full well who and what he was. Only one condition was made. Politics were barred, and Mr. Griffith never mentioned them. All the deception that there was during the interview was on the part of President Krüger, who deliberately sought to deceive his visitor as to his knowledge of English, in ignorance of the fact that Mr. Griffith knew enough German and Dutch to see clearly, from what "His Honour" said to the gentleman who was interpreting, that he understood every word that was said in English. It is a somewhat idle charge to answer, and it was doubtless made merely with the idea of its author getting a little cheap notoriety. It would have been answered through the post but for the fact that, although the writer had the courage to put his name to his effusion, he, perhaps conveniently, forgot to add his address. It may, however, suffice to inform "Little Englanders, faddists, fools, idiots" (I quote from my correspondent), and others, that the dodge of writing abusive letters in the hope of being kicked out of obscurity into publicity by provoking an answer to them in their proper persons won't work at this office. It's a little too thin.

FIFTY P.W. penknives are this week offered to the readers of P.W. who send in the best four-line verse entitled "A Slum Child's Holiday." Attempts to be marked "Excursion," to reach this office not later than Tuesday, October 27th.

H. B. writes: "Having seen in a recent issue how some famous soldiers felt when they were struck with bullets, I thought it might interest your readers to know how it feels to be shot by an ordinary fowling-piece. I had my back turned when someone fired the gun by accident, and the charge entered my back, head, and arms. The feeling as those shots entered my body was precisely as if someone were thrusting ever so many hot needles into my flesh. I would have cried out with pain only the breath seemed knocked out of my body. Altogether I had received eighty-two shots, of which fifty-six had entered my arm and the rest my back and head. A great number were afterwards removed, but those in my head are there to this day. The feeling of the shot entering me was horrible. I shall never quite forget that moment."

Appropos of this subject, and the light-hearted suggestion that one military man made that if our curiosity was great on the point the experiment might easily be made on one of our own staff, I have received the following extraordinary letter, which, since the name and the address of the writer are given in full, is probably sent in good faith:

Referring to the article on this subject in your current number, I have pleasure in informing you that, if you will pay all surgical expenses, and give me a permanent position on your staff, I am prepared to submit to being shot with a Martini-Henry bullet anywhere you please. In case of my death, you to pay my relations £2,000, but that is unlikely, as you would choose a good shot, and my blood is healthy. Anyway, I'd probably live long enough to describe my sensations.

The experiment would be interesting, but whatever objections there may be to an editor's life, it is altogether superior to hanging.

G. H. R.—I fear you were being humbugged. There are two possible derivations of the word "brief"—as used in the legal world—that are generally accepted. In ancient days the pleadings in a law suit were so voluminous that a vast amount of time was needlessly wasted in reading purely formal matter. For this reason it was ordered that a *brief* summary should be prepared for use in court, and as such a summary naturally much resembled the written instructions handed a barrister by his solicitor, the name received an extended significance. To those whom this explanation does not satisfy, there is offered another, in that the Latin word *breve* (English brief) was the technical word for a writ in the early history of our law, and this might easily have been applied to such instructions as are in the ordinary way handed to counsel. But your own theory, gentle G. H. R., is preposterous.

PLANCHETTE.—I have no belief in such nonsense.

THERE are still several contributors to the "Q. W. A." page who are under the impression that there is some rule debarring those who send questions in from answering them. Others, in spite of the notice on the page, have the idea that they may not answer more than one question a week. I wish, therefore, to finally inform these ladies and gentlemen that no such rule exists. Any contributor may answer all ten questions. It sometimes happens, indeed, that two or even three replies are accepted from the same contributor in the same week. Any number of questions may be sent, and any number of replies to them. In fact, it may happen that a contributor may unearth some out-of-the-way piece of interesting information which makes a good question and reply. Why, then, should not the discoverer of the information make use of it, since it is quite possible that no other contributor may have it? The "Q. W. A." page is meant to be not only a sort of serial encyclopædia of general knowledge, but also a common meeting-ground to which our readers may come and put "posers" to each other, and answer them if they can. If they can't—well, that's our business.

W. G. writes: "I have noticed that the short stories in P.W. are illustrated by marginal sketches. Would you kindly let me know whether these must be supplied by the author, or if unillustrated stories will be acceptable?"—As a matter of fact I am not aware of a single instance in which a P.W. short story has been illustrated by the author. The accomplishment is a very valuable one, but for a writer to be also a good artist is exceptional. If W. G. will provide a story we will provide the pictorial embellishments. It very often happens that we have to do both. But in our old age we want assistance. It saves a great deal of trouble when other people can be persuaded to fill one's paper. Besides, it is one of our chief amusements signing cheques in payment for contributions at the rate of £2 2s. a column with an occasional bonus of £10 thrown in. This is what an editor is really for.

IN a recent issue a correspondent, signing himself "Sergeant-Major," asked for some information concerning the late General Doctor Barry, and in response a singularly large number of my readers have kindly written to me on the subject. It appears that this distinguished medical officer, who was the daughter of a Scotch baronet, went through the greater part of her life disguised as a man, visiting the Crimea, although not out there on active service. She was at that time a strict vegetarian and teetotaler. While serving in South Africa during the government of Lord Charles Somerset she fought a duel with his aide-de-camp. This man, Sir Josias Cléote, is the only officer in the British army who has ever fought a duel with a woman. The doctor was frequently guilty of flagrant breaches of discipline, and on more than one occasion was sent home under arrest. In July, 1865, she died, and the next day it was officially reported to the Horse Guards that she was a woman. It is singular that her black valet, who lived with her for years, had not the vaguest notion of her secret.

WITHOUT wishing in any way to wound the susceptibilities of the obviously well-meaning author, I cannot refrain from publishing here the literal copy of a communication received the other day. Perchance there is something hidden beneath its apparent vagueness:

It has been rumoured that lately a young member of this district has discovered the key of some scientific problem, of what kind I cannot get information enough to say. But I have heard that it will be some time before he will be able to do any thing with it as it is not entirely perfected. I have written this to you for the benefit of P.W. and readers.

Quite an interesting piece of information, is it not?

I HAVE to acknowledge the following subscriptions towards the FRESH AIR FUND. Among them will be noticed the sum of £12 9s. 5½d., from the readers of the FEATHERED WORLD, who have altogether contributed no less than £44 17s. 5½d. towards the FRESH AIR FUND. My best thanks are due to Mrs. Conyns, the editor, for the generous support she has asked of her readers. Next week I shall hope to publish a short account of what the F.A.F. has succeeded in accomplishing during the past holiday season.

Amount Previously Acknowledged, £3,161 5s. 3½d.

Salween, 2s. 6d.; J. F. E. W., 1s. 6d.; Mr. A., 2s.; Mr. B., 1s. 6d.; Mr. C., 1s. 6d.; Kathleen Maymoun, 1s.; Penzance, 3s.; J. H., 1s.; M. P. T., 2s. 6d.; Mrs. E. M. Carson, 2s.; Daphne (Southampton), 3s.; Tony, 1s.; H. D., 6d.; G. B. T. 1s.; Thanksgiving, 1s.; Alphabet, 1s.; T. O., 9d.; Gwyn, 2s. 3d.; J. G. Armstrong, 11s.; E. French (India), 4s. 10d.; A. Worker, 21s.; W. Smeethy (Co. Galway), 2s.; J. W., 1s.; A. Wall (Wichur), 1s. 6d.; H. Ingall, 2s. 6d.; T. Nadim, 2s. 6d.; Anon., 6d.; E. Charlville, 2s.; Leeds, 2s. 6d.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; E. Starbuck, 4s. 6d.; S. S. Cedar, 1s.; E. D. Smith, 6s.; W. M., 6d.; A. S., 10s. 6d.; E. V. Chadwick, 4s. 6d.; E. J. P., 1s. 6d.; A. P., 1s.; The Innocents Abroad, 10s.; O. S., 1s. 6d.; Readers of FEATHERED WORLD, £12 9s. 5½d.

COLLECTED.—N. Robinson, 1s.; A. B. A., 6s. 9d.; F. R. Webster, 4s. 6d.; Arlestone Board School, per H. Mosson, 5s.; W. J. Lewis, 6s.; F. E. Tippet, 11s. 6d.; M. N. G., 2s.; Woodend, 2s.; G. A. Faines, 1s. 6d.; Dotie Stacey, 6s.; J. Percival, 2s. 1d.; Cranleigh, 10s.; Bessie Marchant, 11s.; Mrs. Pearce, of Eungella, Queensland, £1 10s. 6d.; Marion and Ed., 1s. 6d.; May Griffiths, 4s.; J. O'Connor, 5s. 6d.; P. J. Aitchison, 10s.; W. W. L., 2s.; Sergeants Mess, Leinster Regt., £1 6s. 3d.; Winifred Davis, 6s. 2s.; Mrs. Deere, 2s.; Mrs. Voss (South Africa), 7s. 7d.; Employers of Messrs. H. and L. per J. H. Q., 2s.; Mrs. Naylor, 1s.; C. Milton, 9d.

Grand Total (P.W.) - £3,204 11s. 10d.

"Pearson's Weekly" Fresh Air Fund, 18, Henrietta Street, London. W.C.

POSTAL RATES.

Name of Publication.	One Year	Half Year	3 Months
Pearson's Weekly.....	8 s. d.	4 s. d.	2 s. d.
Home Notes	8 s.	4 s.	2 s.
Short Stories	6 s.	3 s.	1 s.
Isobel's Home Cookery	6 s.	3 s.	1 s.
Pearson's Magazine	9 0	4 6	2 3
Melody	9 0	4 6	2 3
Isobel's Dressmaking at Home	2 6	—	—
Isobel's Fashions for Children	2 6	—	—

ALL POST FREE.

Offices: Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Registered Telegraphic Address—

"HUMOURSOME, LONDON."

Messrs. R. A. THOMPSON & Co. are our Sole Agents in Sydney (180, Pitt Street), Melbourne (363, Little Collins Street), Brisbane (Edward Street), Adelaide (7, King William Street), Montreal (4, Beaver Hall Hill), and Cape Town (35, Loop Street).

P.W. can be obtained in Paris at Neal's Library, 248, Rue Rivoli, and at the principal kiosks.

Printed and Published by C. ARTHUR PEARSON LTD., at Pearson's Weekly Buildings, Henrietta Street London, W.C.

DON'T WORRY YOUR OWN BRAINS, WORRY OURS.

JOHN NOBLE'S HALF-GUINEA COSTUMES

which multitudes of delighted customers, hailing from all parts of the Queen's dominions, proclaim to be SUPREME VALUE for MONEY.

JOHN NOBLE Ltd. employ 1,500 well-paid workers, and are
THE LARGEST FIRM OF COSTUMIERS IN THE WORLD.
TWO GOLD MEDALS AWARDED.
LADIES' OWN DESIGNS SPECIALLY ESTIMATED FOR.



Model 583.
The latest mode in John Noble Cheviot Serge has a smart well-cut bodice with the figure and front a pretty 10/6 pleated at the waist. The skirt is a full wide Tailor-made Design. Price complete 10/6. Fully packed and sent carriage paid 6d. extra.
Skirt only, 5/6. Carriage, 6d. extra.
"Gowns which any Gentlewoman can wear."—Gentlewoman.



Model 587.
JOHN NOBLE'S MAIDS' COSTUMES.
Handsomely embroidered. A very tasteful and becoming Mode. Well-fitting Bodice and full wide Skirt.
Lengths... 35in. 33in. 42in.
Prices... 11/9 12/9 14/-
Lengths... 46in. 50in.
Prices... 15/6 17/-
Carriage paid 6d. extra.



Model 586.
VELVET TRIMMED COSTUME.
New design in John Noble Cheviot Serge. Full wide Costume Skirt. Bodice beautifully cut and shaped to the figure. Front trimmed with velvet and the sleeves full and lined. Price complete only 13/9. Carefully packed and carriage paid 6d. extra.



Model 431.
Very pretty design in John Noble Cheviot Serge. Saddle Top, loose hanging Skirt, full sleeves and deep Cuffs. Very tastefully trimmed gold silk braid.

Lengths...	19in.	21in.	24in.
Prices...	2/3	2/9	3/4
Lengths...	27in.	30in.	
Prices...	4/-	4/9	
Lengths...	33in.	36in.	39in.
Prices...	5/6	6/3	7/-
Lengths...	42in.	45in.	
Prices...	7/9	8/9	

Carriage 6d. extra.



Model 582.
An Up-to-Date Design in John Noble Cheviot Serge. The tight-fitting Bodice is beautifully shaped to the figure and daintily trimmed. The saddle and sleeves are lined. The Skirt is a full wide Tailor-made Design. Price complete only 10/6. Sent carriage paid and safely packed 1 for 9d. extra.
Skirt only, 5/6. Carriage, 6d. extra.
"Costumes to suit the daintiest maid."—Methodist Recorder.
Colours in which all Costumes are supplied:
Black, Navy, Brown, Myrtle, Bronze-Green, Electric Blue, Petunia, Ruby, Dark Cinnamon, Fawn, or Grey.
SIZES IN STOCK are 34in., 36in., 38in. round bust (under arms). Skirts being 38in., 4in., and 42in. long in front. Larger or Special sizes, 1/6 extra.

Patterns and the Latest Volume of Fashions sent Free on Application. Please mention "Pearson's Weekly" when ordering.

Bankers—LONDON & MIDLAND BANK.

JOHN NOBLE Ltd., BROOK STREET, MANCHESTER.

YOU SEE THIS MAN,

He buys our Clothing and is thus INSURED FOR 3 MONTHS, Whether wearing it or not, against BROKEN BONDS, DISLOCATIONS, LOSS OF LIFE, LIMB, OR SIGHT FROM ANY ACCIDENT WHATEVER.



300 Patterns post free with Measure Forms and Particulars on Application.

MEN'S SUITS AND OVERCOATS

18/6
Better Qualities, 22s, 25s, 31s, 37s, 48s, 52s, 63s.
Boys' Suits, pieces for mending sent.

Ladies' Costumes from 10/6

FACTORY CLOTHING COMPANY,

Manufacturing and Ladies' Tailors,

117b, ALBION STREET, LEEDS.

THE "ENGLISH" ORGANETTE

FAST PAYMENTS. 4s. MONTHLY.

Flageolettes, Popular Airs, Quillets, Waltzes, Polkas, Reels, Hornpipes, any tune can be played with artistic effect by anyone. No musical knowledge required. A mere child can play it. Most marvellous Musical Instrument in the World.

30s. Terms: 4s. deposit and 4s. monthly note delivered when first 4s. is paid. With for music and full particulars (with this paper.) J. M. DEAPER, Organette Works, BLACKBURN.

SHEFFIELD CUTLERY & PLATE.

Direct at Wholesale Prices. Saving 50 per cent.



Solid White Bone Edge-pinned to Knives, 6d. doz.; Dessert, 8d. doz.; 8 1/2d. Nickel Silver Tea Spoon, 2d. doz.; 10s. 6d. doz. Forks, 5s. 6d. doz.; Table Spoons and Forks, 6s. 6d. doz. Wanted to wear white all through. Money returned or goods exchanged if not approved. Write for sample and Price List, 1300 Lillies, post free. MENTION Pearson's Weekly.

W. RODGERS & CO., Lion Works, SHEFFIELD.

A GENUINE HAIR RESTORER.

50 Years' Unrivalled Success.

FOX'S NOTED FORMULA.

A SURE REMEDY FOR BALDNESS.

Whiskers and Moustache positively forced to grow in a few weeks. Harmless to the skin. Volumes of testimonials. Price 2s. 6d., 5s., and 8s. Send P.O. for sample 2/6 bottle.

Mr. JOHN FOX, Chemist, Macclesfield.

Don't Cough - use

They at once check the Cough and remove the cause.

The Unrivalled

One Lozenge alone relieves.

Sold everywhere, Tins 13d. each.

Keatings' Lozenges

NEURALGIA, FACE-ACHE, AND TOOTH-ACHE

Rapidly & permanently cured by a new remedy, perfectly safe, acts like a charm. Nothing has ever equalled its splendid effects in curing these distressing complaints. A trial will prove its merits. Cures when everything else fails. Post free 2/6 from

HARRIS, Chemist, 13, MILLER STREET, WILFORD, N.E.

HAIR DESTROYED.

A doctor who knows of a simple, inexpensive remedy that permanently destroys the roots, and will forward particulars free, to all those afflicted, sending stamped envelope. Address Mrs. B. C. WOOD, 4, DUKES STREET, VILLIERS STREET, LONDON, W.

RED NOSES

Permanently cured in a few days by a simple, inexpensive remedy. Particulars free on receipt of stamped addressed envelope to Dr. A. P. CURTIS, York Chambers, Adelphi, London, W.C.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

We have some, just a few thousands, at prices that will do their own talking. State requirements and send to-day for Illustrated Catalogue—it will cost you nothing

JOSEPH RILEY & SONS,
CONSTITUTION HILL, BIRMINGHAM.

Best and Cheapest House in the Kingdom. Thousands of Customers say so. No end of Unsolicited Testimonials received.

30 YEARS' SUCCESS AMONG THE DEAF.

The Rev. E. J. SILVERTON, Specialist, of Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Circus, London, will be happy to send his book on the Ear, "How to Cure without the Use of Instruments or Operation." Price 6d. Sufferers from Deafness, Noise, or Discharges in the Ear should obtain this work, or write or call at the Consulting Rooms. Free Consultations daily from 11 till 4. (Saturdays, 11 till 1.) Wonderful cases.—A person cured after 40 years' deafness, and one at the age of 90. A gentleman after 17 years' deafness cured. A remarkable case of a lady at Lincoln, substantiated by a Clergyman. Addresses on application. All communications as above.

DOUGLAS, HUNGERFORD, AND WILLIAMS.

PROFITS PAID DURING 1895.

Jan. 2, £8 per cent., Feb. 1, £6, Mar. 1, £5, April 1, £3, May 1, £7, June 2, £10, July 1, £9, Aug. 1, £9, Sept. 2, £8, Oct. 1, £8, Nov. 1, £7, Dec. 2, £7.

Total for 12 months £92 per cent., an average of nearly 28 PER CENT. PER MONTH.

PROFITS PAID DURING 1896.

Jan. 2, £6 per cent., Feb. 1, £7, Mar. 2, £8, April 1, £6, May 1, £6, June 1, £5, July 1, £5, Aug. 1, £5, Sept. 1, £5, Oct. 1, £5.

OUR NEW ILLUSTRATED MANUAL mailed free upon request, showing how these profits may be made WITHOUT SPECULATION. Cheques for profits mailed promptly 1st of each month, and for withdrawals of capital on 2nd and 10th of each month. Trial investments of £5 and upwards may be made. We have not a dissatisfied Client.

DOUGLAS, HUNGERFORD, & WILLIAMS, 5, Copthall Avenue, London, E.C., and 11, Place de la Bourse, Paris.

VARICOCELE

Its speedy and painless cure by the latest and most improved method of treatment for this disease. Send for Illustrated Treatise, entering fully into the subject. It is the only reliable and effective means of curing this disease without operation. Sent sealed post free for three stamps, by

JOHN FORBES, 57 and 58, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.

MOUSTACHE

and SHARD, spread, silky, and long, will grow in a few days even at fifteen years of age, if you use the POMADE of Mr. RATHAU.

Importer, No 115, Strand, London (entrance Savoy Street). Send him 10 penny stamps, and you will receive one by post paid, with instructions. For Baldness use the special Rathan Mixture. No hair!

ONE BOX

OF DR. MACKENZIE'S

IMPROVED HARMLESS ARSENIC COMPLEXION WAFERS

will produce the most lovely complexion that the imagination could desire; clear, fresh, free from Pimples, Blotches, Corns, Redness, Freckles, or Furrows. Post free for 4s. 6d.

S. Harvey, 3, Denman St., London Bridge, S.E. Half Boxes, 2s. 6d.

Use DR. MACKENZIE'S ARSENICAL TOILET SOAP, 1s. per Tablet. Unscented, 6d. per Tablet. Made from purest ingredients, and absolutely harmless.

BEWARE OF THE MANY IMITATIONS. HAVE DR. MACKENZIE'S OR NONE.

PERSONAL XMAS GREETING CARDS.

Stylishly got up for each Customer with GREETING, NAME, ADDRESS, & MONOGRAM

From 2/- per dozen,

Post free, with Envelopes to suit gratis. Send three stamps for a dainty Sample Card and particulars of HOW TO GET YOUR CHRISTMAS CARDS for NOTHING!

Designed and manufactured in England, solely by A. SHARP WALKER & CO., Holborn Place, London, W.C.

£20

ARE YOU LITTLE,

If so, wear the "AD" Invisible Elevators (Regd.). Will increase your height up to four inches; the only approved means; detection impossible; simple, inexpensive. Send stamp for particulars to the Oriental Toilet Co. (Sd Dept.), 67, Strand, London.

TO THE DEAF.

A Gentleman who cured himself of Deafness and Noises in the Head after fourteen years' suffering will gladly send full particulars of the remedy post free.—Address, T. CLIFTON, Amberley House, Norfolk Street, Strand, London, W.C.

HAIR DESTROYED

On receipt of stamp a lady will send to those afflicted free particulars of a simple remedy which permanently removes a large growth from her sister's face without injuring the skin. Miss E. P. DALL, 10, Belvedere Row, Lambeth, London.

CORPULENCY CURED

By a simple, inexpensive self-treatment, effecting a rapid and permanent reduction without change in diet. Particulars free on receipt of stamped addressed envelope. Dr. C. G. ROYD, 15, York Buildings, Charing Cross, London.

TRY ZIG ZAG



A REVOLUTION IN Cigarette Paper

Books

EACH LEAF READY TO HAND FOR USE.

AT ALL TOBACCONISTS.

Purchasers are requested to see that all bread supplied to them as "Hovis" is stamped "Hovis."

PALATABLE

H OVIS

NUTRITIOUS

B READ

CURES INDIGESTION.

Apply to your Grocer for "Hovis" flour for Home use, packed in bags of 3lb. and 7lb.

FLASHES FROM THE FOOTLIGHTS.

THE WORLD'S VERDICT is that **THE SPAN OF LIFE** is greatly prolonged by a discreet use of

CHARLEY'S AUNT says all her ailments are quickly **DRIVEN FROM HOME** by a dose of

THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY declares **IT'S NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND** your broken health with

A **£1,000 REWARD** would not induce **THE NEW WOMAN** to forsake her

THE GAY PARISIENNE says it's mere **FRIVOLITY** to attempt to enjoy life without

THE MIKADO would quickly lose **CASTE** without the aid of

THE YOEMEN OF THE GUARD keep **IN THE RANKS** to a green old age by taking

THE NEW BARMAID says she's no **PATIENCE** with those bilious customers who refuse to try

THE TELEPHONE GIRL rung up **JEDBURY JUNIOR** and asked him to send her a box of

MY SWEETHEART never makes **MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING**, but simply takes a dose of

THE GUV'NOR felt annoyed when the **LADY SLAVEY** purloined his box of

THE LIGHTNING'S FLASH would not have quicker effect on Nervous Disorders than

OUR BOYS say you may take life **AS YOU LIKE IT** if you use judiciously

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR all agree that **ONE OF THE BEST** medicines on earth is

THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE defy the rigours of **THE TEMPEST** by the aid of

THE GRAND DUKE says when Indigestion holds him in **A GRIP OF IRON** he finds relief in

THE LADY OF LYONS waxed indignant when **THE SHOP GIRL** offered her a substitute for

THE PLUNCER after **A NIGHT IN TOWN** finds a friend **AS TRUE AS STEEL** in

THE PRIVATE SECRETARY recommended **THE SILVER KING** to try a course of

THE MANXMAN says a bilious attack flies like **THE SWISS EXPRESS** before

THE COLLEEN BAWN walked miles through **GREEN BUSHES** for a supply of

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN ON THE FRONTIER always possesses a box of

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE when **MOROCCO BOUND** always takes a supply of

THE BOHEMIAN GIRL says she would be completely **LOST IN LONDON** without her

GENTLEMAN JOE when he drove all the **BOYS TOGETHER** advised them to try

THE HARBOUR LIGHTS for all who struggle **AGAINST THE TIDE** of sickness are

THE RIVALS SKIPPED BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON to fetch the **DUCHESS OF COOLGARDIE** a box of

BEECHAM'S PILLS

BEECHAM'S PILLS

BEECHAM'S PILLS

BEECHAM'S PILLS

BEECHAM'S PILLS

BEECHAM'S PILLS

BEECHAM'S PILLS

BEECHAM'S PILLS

BEECHAM'S PILLS

BEECHAM'S PILLS

BEECHAM'S PILLS

BEECHAM'S PILLS

BEECHAM'S PILLS

BEECHAM'S PILLS

BEECHAM'S PILLS

BEECHAM'S PILLS

BEECHAM'S PILLS

BEECHAM'S PILLS

BEECHAM'S PILLS

BEECHAM'S PILLS

BEECHAM'S PILLS